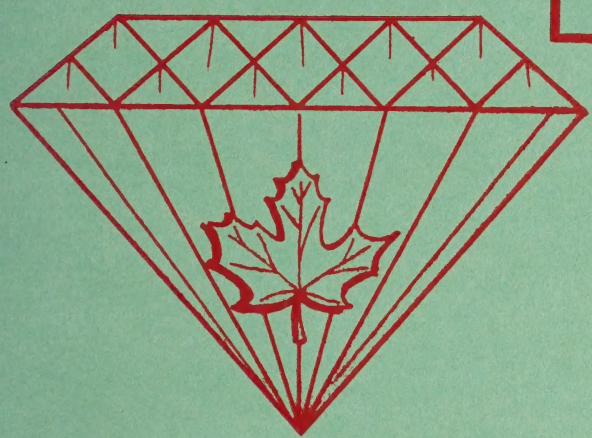


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- A Guest Editorial*
- A Armistice Day Poems*
- A Open Letter to a Boy*
- A Vocational Graduation*

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THE DIAMOND

Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.
(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,
Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Chas. Downs

EDITOR

W. Jones	K. Munro	R. Windsor	Bill Huddlestone
Associate Editor	Staff Writer - Manuscripts	Sports Writer	Staff Writer - Circulation

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The publication of an individual's ideas on penal reform and controversial or policy matters is not intended to be inferred by the reader as being tantamount to endorsement by the DIAMOND Editorial Staff or by Officials of the Department of Justice. The Editorial Staff of the DIAMOND take the democratic stand that every man's constructive ideas command respect and consideration, whether or not those opinions are popular.

Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND - NOV. -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

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Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

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Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.... A Philosopher

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EDITORIAL

MANY YEARS AGO, during World War Two, before this writer had ever been inside a penitentiary, he met a man who had served ten years in Kingston Penitentiary — an ex-convict, a man who had joined the Canadian Army on the day war was declared, a man who taught him many things.

This story has never been told before, never written nor told orally: thoughts of November 11th and the fact that the one writing the story is now a convict motivates the writer's actions.

The narrator met — and because it is not his name he shall be called — Blacky Thompson in an army camp in England. Blacky had come to the regiment of anti-tank guns as a re-enforcement — he was a bombardier. Above the average age of the other men of the outfit, he was also very aloof. Polite to everyone during duty hours, he became clam-like after duty and discouraged all attempts of the other members of the unit to become friendly. A fair percentage of the gunners put his stand-offishness down to the fact that he was wearing two stripes and looking for the third one. This — like many snap decisions made by jealous, small-minded people, was incorrect: he just did not have anything in common to discuss with them. Besides, he had lost the art of holding conversation. Remember, ten years under the old silent system took a lot of the yak out of a man.

Time passed with its assembly-belt existence of parades, manoeuvres, guard duties and false alarms. Blacky was fit and able for all duties and never gave anyone any reason to find fault. He was the perfect soldier and kept a fine line drawn between himself and those beneath and above him. No one ever had to ask him twice or offer to pay him for doing a duty when they had a heavy date or needed a relief to get a week-end pass. As written before, a perfect soldier, a good Joe, but just about as friendly as a bartender the morning after you have insulted him and his family!

Our first social encounter was in a pub in London, and it was accidental, on a Saturday night—one of those London weekends. Blacky was standing at the bar with a Scotch and a beer chaser for company. Knowing his nature I ignored him and gave my order. When the

Scotch and Bass were served the barmaid refused my money and merely nodded in Blacky's direction. On the next round I reciprocated and he thanked me. It was probably loneliness or just the fact that we were two Canadians a long way from home, but at any rate we conversed. This was the beginning of a great friendship.

It struck me as strange the wide selection of literature with which he was familiar, the poetry he had committed to memory, and the cold realistic philosophy that he lived by. There was nothing that could make him uncomfortable and as we crossed the English Channel and got into action, it was evident that Blacky could sleep anywhere at anytime.

Shortly after D Day he made sergeant and as the weeks rolled by it became a standing legend in the unit: he, who had been so aloof and unsociable, was the finest sergeant in the outfit to work for. His gun crew were well disciplined and happy. They were well taken care of and well behaved, and the equipment placed in his care was always well maintained and skilfully used — no errors were ever made in his tight little group. A good sergeant too, and they were few.

Finally, leaves loosened up a bit and Blacky and myself made it back to dear old London on a ten day leave for a rest. This was a real twist of fate, buzz-bombed Blighty—it was quieter in Belgium and Holland on the front line than London. The civvies were taking a worse rocketing than the Army.

It was the usual ten day leave: you readers who have enjoyed them have no need for what would be an inadequate description: besides I would probably have never been able to keep pace with you. And you folks who have never enjoyed a ten day Army leave would never believe the description of what goes on so I shall say it was a standard ten day leave. One thing though I most certainly insist on you bearing in mind: it was an Army leave—not Navy!

The last evening in London was the climax: Blacky got a little drunker than usual and became very confidential. He told me he had served ten years for a bank holdup and though at the time it meant very little to me, he kept insisting that he had served ten full years. He stressed the fact, ten whole years — one hundred and twenty months behinds high walls.

Continued on page 4

His wife had divorced him and, as he put it: "What could you expect? I had fouled up her life badly enough. She had a right to find some happiness with another. The good Lord knew I could never give her happiness and security." On and on he continued, and his description was so perfect, the scenes of his imprisonment so well and deeply etched on his memory screen that a decade later on entering Kingston Penitentiary I quite easily identified various parts of the place.

We packed the following morning to return to duty, the remainder of a few bottles in our hotel room were emptied. We were both quite uncomfortable. We had established a fair foundation of friendship, and knowing that during the next few months I would be in the same troop as Blacky and would need his support, I brought the subject to light and he admitted he remembered telling me the story. Instead of becoming annoyed, he seemed quite pleased. I promised to keep his story to myself and he remarked he felt quite relieved that someone else now shared it with him. He gave me an address where his only sister lived and made me promise if, well you know how it went, drop a line if anything happens, only nothing ever does.

We had to rush to say good bye to two London lovelies who had shown us around the old town. (Actually, we knew the place better than they.) Then back across the channel to duty. The journeys to and from on leave were more tiring than the actual holiday.

The war moved on, our outfit saw a lot of action and during the first attacks into Germany, Blacky won a Military Medal. This he pretended to scorn, but once over a bottle of liberated Schnapps he muttered: "Imagine an ex-con wearing an M.M. Certainly hope the C.I.D. in Canada hears about this and puts it on my record."

During the short period when the troops were in static position or doing small repair jobs on equipment, he would discuss various aspects of the war and world politics. Looking back I can recall two instances when Blacky stopped members of his crew from looting and his admonition was classic. "You fellows want to remember one thing — you are soldiers, not thieving raiders."

On another occasion he soundly spanked a teen-age gunner for being disgustingly drunk and told the onlookers that spanking was the only solution to juvenile waywardness. He

constantly covered up small infractions of the military law of the men under his command, for, as he said: "Once a man gets the first bad mark on his crime sheet, no matter how small, there is no telling how far the law breaking spree will go." He became a legend in the regiment and his homespun philosophies were repeated and to be quite truthful, many sayings that Blacky had never heard were attributed to him. But this condition is quite commonplace through life: find a good source and quote from it— no one will ever be any wiser and if the fountainhead is strong enough, no one will ever argue with you about it.

Many times I would wonder to myself what fathers and mothers would have said had they known their sons were being guided and watched over by a thief, an exconvict. And from the host of non-commissioned officers and officers that it was my pleasure to know, and work with, this ex-convict was one of the finest examples of good military and moral living it has been my pleasure to know.

Looking back now I feel that I knew Blacky better than anyone in the regiment. He had told me his story. He had confided in me to the extent of revealing his post-war plans and a return to criminal activities was the farthest thought from his mind. He figured on buying a small service station and lunch room on the outskirts of a large city with an acre or so of property and growing some of the essential vegetables needed in the lunch room. He had it all figured out. He was a realist, however, and many times at the conclusion of one of our conversations of the "when the war is over this is what I am going to do" type, he would jokingly say: "Oh well, we shall probably get knocked off the day before the war ends. But what the hell, you can't run a war without someone getting killed. At least they won't bury me in the penitentiary cemetery."

Were any of you readers on the drive along the road into Cleve? Well those who were will remember it was no picnic. Armour from both armies was spread along the road, some smoking, some burning, others just stopped and apparently in good condition until you spotted the holes made by 88 or 17pound anti-tanks shells.

My crew came upon Blacky's crew outside the county jail in Cleve. The jail was in ruins — the R.A.F. and the American Air Force had destroyed it. Blacky's self-propelled 17-pound anti-tank gun was a burning wreck when we reached it. The crew had not escaped

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Anne Francis

ONLY A PERSON who has served a sentence in prison can understand what it feels like to have been inside. The rest of us can imagine a great deal but we cannot really feel the experience. For that reason, a magazine like the C.B. Diamond is of value in several ways.

It is able to interpret the prisoner's point of view to outside people who are trying to find sound methods of helping offenders to find a better way of life. It can make us aware of the particular problems which men and women have to contend with while they are inside and after they return to society. It can also do much good by suggesting ways which thoughtful prisoners think may improve the administration of justice in Canada so that it becomes truly fair and just.

Obviously a magazine like the Diamond is equally valuable to the people inside. It can help them to understand themselves because it is written by people who share their problems, who share the feelings of insecurity, bitterness and guilt as well as the hopes and brave determinations. This understanding of self is of course the first, essential step toward becoming adjusted to society. The human being who is eaten by resentments and hatreds, who wants something for nothing, has very little chance of making good, either inside or outside. On the other hand, the man who recognizes himself, who accepts his own limitations, who realizes that everybody has to sweat for what he gets, is likely to be able to make a good life for himself.

It is of course never too late for any man to find himself. There have been many men with long prison records who have realized that they were leading stupid, wasteful and destructive lives and have found the strength to change their ways.

The story of their successful fight to make good has, I think, a place in the C.B. Diamond because it is a reminder to everyone that it can be done. They know what they are talking about because they have gone through the mill.

This sort of help has already proved its undeniable strength when alcoholics work together to save themselves from unbearable bondage. In a recent issue, the Diamond suggests that Criminals Anonymous, a new venture in Montreal, may be equally helpful. That is more than likely since "God helps those who help themselves" and there is no better way of helping oneself than by helping fellow sufferers.

(NOTE: Anne Francis is the noted radio commentator and news analyst, is well and favourably known for her informative and outspoken views on penological matters, and will shortly be leaving for India as a member of the Canadian Delegation to the UNESCO Conference to be held in New Delhi.)



EDITORIAL

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

the inferno and as the action had passed on, we stopped to put out the blaze and recover the bodies.

The infantry had gathered their dead and were starting to bury them in front of the jail. I walked on down the road until I found a quiet garden out of sight of the jail. Returning to the burnt-out anti-tank gun and the four blanket and gas-cape-wrapped figures, I had the fellows load them on a truck. We returned

to the garden and buried Blacky and his crew. Four white crosses, four mounds of fresh earth —out of sight of the jail walls.

A pawnbroker is a person who lives on the flat of the land. Sort of a Loan Ranger, huh?

The difference between a mirror and a woman is: a mirror reflects without speaking. A woman speaks without reflecting.

POPPY CAMPAIGN

(SOME THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE POPPY CAMPAIGN)

1. All Poppies and Wreaths distributed in the Poppy Campaign are manufactured by disabled ex-servicemen in "Veteraft" shops or, in some instances, by disabled veterans and dependants in their homes, thus providing employment for many old comrades.

2. The custom of wearing the poppy as the "Flower of Remembrance" has continued in Canada since 1923.

3. The Canadian Legion undertakes annually the distribution of these Poppies and Wreaths throughout the Dominion.

4. The national distribution is carried out through the medium of the Canadian Legion's Dominion and Provincial Commands, and its more than 2,000 Branches, which are charged with the duty to see that, as far as possible, the Message of the Poppy is carried to all sections, classes and communities in Canada.

5. The prices charged by the Dominion Command of the Legion are based on cost plus the necessary expense entailed in national distribution, plus a modest mark-up.

6. All funds remaining in the hands of Dominion Command upon completion of distribution are applied to the maintenance of Canadian Legion Service Work, which is carried on for the benefit of all Canadian ex-service men and women throughout Canada, whether members of the Legion or not.

7. The entire proceeds contributed by the public in your area, less the cost of the poppies, is retained by your branch for relief or other essential assistance to deserving ex-service men and women in your locality.

8. The task of nation-wide distribution of these sacred emblems is one of great magnitude. In helping to achieve the two-fold objective, Remembrance of the Glorious Dead and Practical Assistance to the Living, you are fulfilling two of the most important duties required of you by the Constitution of the Canadian Legion.

TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN YOUR POPPY CAMPAIGN. ASK ALL YOUR FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS AND ASSOCIATES TO GIVE GENEROUSLY ON POPPY DAY!

November Eleventh

ETERNAL WATCH

Beyond the windswept, popped fields
Where heroes of the conflict lay,
Far out beyond — 'way past land's end
Sleep other victims of the fray.

The guns they fired roar no more,
Their belching mouths encase the deep,
Their masters at the stationed posts
Live eternal — sleep the big sleep.

The waters eddy and currents race,
Carrying phantoms of the murky deep,
The rusted cannons seemingly shine
As heavens part to take a peep.

The weeping for the dead is past,
Yet each November pipes lament,
Their dirges reach beneath the deep
To silent ears that are content.

Keith Munro



QUIET REIGNS

Quiet reigns here now, where nations fought,
The earth has healed, there remains nought
To give evidence of recent war,
Much less the one that raged before.

Here orchard trees bear heavy crop,
These same trees have seen artillery drop
Shell after shell in war's grim chase,
Turning earth's yielding soil to blackened lace.

Quiet reigns here now, the dead look on,
Watch gentle sunset and peaceful dawn
Continue on in unending circle blended:
Only the dead have peace—their war is
ended. Gunner

WINGS IN WAR

Nesting deep in some secluded shade,
The mighty birds of war drink deep of fuel
To send them soaring into the blue:
Then on they fly o'er channel to the fool
Who sits in Berlin 'midst maps, and plots
The utter crushing of a world afraid.

This winged death, which once was said to be
The foolish fancy of a man's desire
To break his earth-bound sphere and so must fail:
Bursts out of icy cloud with tail of fire
And homes through blackest void o'er many miles
To belch forth death on what it need not see.

No more may monsters, mad with greed and hate
Take cover from the horrors they released
And hide in mountain pass or bastioned pile:
These armoured scorpions' stings will not be
ceased
Until such beasts surrender or are slain
And peace once more descends from Heaven's
gate. Bill Jones





In Memoriam



On Sunday October 7th the City of Kingston lost one of its most active citizens in the passing of Mayor George Wright. Mr. Wright was in his 72nd year and succumbed to a combination of heart and respiratory ailment.

Mayor Wright was a native son of Kingston. He was born, raised and educated in the city and apart from his service as mayor and alderman, he was also past president of the Kingston Conservative Association and held high office in the Masonic Order.

Mr. Wright brought the city of Kingston through some extremely difficult times, the sewage disposal question, land annexation is to merely mention a few. Then there was the demands for a municipal airport, new railway station and a new post office.

George Clark Wright could best be described as a man with a flair. Without question he had colour, the elusive characteristic envied by so many public men. Extremely short on formality, he was long on friendliness and presented a cheerful exterior that seldom appeared to dim.

Outside of council the chief magistrate was even more informal. His office door was always open. It didn't matter whether you arrived in morning coat and striped trousers or overalls and a three day growth of beard. The greeting was always the same: "Come right in. What can I do for you."

"The people put me here" he would explain. "I am their representative. What good is a mayor who will not meet the people?" Mayor Wright never forgot the City Hall staff, either. His cheerful smile and quick hello won them over the first few weeks he was in office.

The first time Mayor Wright was invited to attend a variety concert at the Bay, the Mayor was not content to just sit in the audience. After the show he insisted that he meet each member of the cast personally.

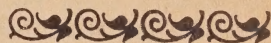
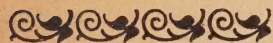
"These boys are short timers," he said "and they got a kick out of shaking hands with the mayor. It went over big," he chuckled.

But the chief magistrates gesture was not done for demonstration purposes. He met the inmates behind the scenes at his own request and with the approval of penitentiary officials.

"It was a snappy show; some mighty good talent. These boys deserved a real good hand and I wanted to make sure they got it," he said.

But this was typical of Mayor George Clark Wright. He would go anywhere, anytime—and like it, make no mistake about that.

The graduation ceremonies at the Bay were always attended by Mr. Wright and this years graduation his absence was felt. In this man's passing the inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary have lost a great friend and a staunch supporter. We join with the City of Kingston in mourning his departure.



This I believe: That too many are sentenced to prison whereas they could and should have been given suspended sentences or probation. I don't speak of the confirmed, incorrigible criminal who feels he belongs to a class all its own. I speak of the average offender of the law, who has emotionally broken one of man's laws. Prisons do not serve any purpose, but merely keeps the prisoners out of circulation.

From The Reflector.

Open Letter To A Boy

by Keith Munro

So many young lads today, are impressed by the notorious publicity that is given to criminals and crime. It is only natural that the immature and inexperienced young man will seek outlets for his energetic body and mind. And it is also true that he will run afoul of the law if he is not guided in channeling his intellect to academic and morally acceptable concepts. For ignorance breeds crime, and sensationalism of crime is ignorance. Many young men will read an account of some minor crime that has been sensationalized, with pictures, and hero-worship the culprit. This could well be inspired by the immatured person's desire to champion for the underdog. To discredit such an outlook, I offer the following letter:

CRIME is for suckers! I know. I have wasted too many years in jail before coming to this conclusion. I have watched prison rob men of their last measurable ounce of decency. I have observed its physical and moral decaying effect. I have seen men go mad from being locked up!

When you go to the movies and see a picture that glamorizes prison life, don't believe it! Movies are make-believe—a medium of entertainment. Sure, some stories portrayed on the screen are true, but the humour that is introduced is only momentary. For every laugh a prisoner gets, he pays for it with a thousand heartaches and tears. For every 'buck' a criminal steals, he loses ten times as much by being imprisoned. For every happy, fleeting moment a criminal enjoys, he suffers a thousand anxieties — never knowing when the strong arm of the law will be laid on his shoulders. For every friend you have on the street, you'll have that many enemies in jail. For every trust you can bestow on friends, you will inherit that much ill will behind bars. For every hope and aspiration you may have, you will experience that many defeats.

You could well suffer the fate of many a lawbreaker when imprisoned. Contemptuous remarks to a guard will bring you added time to your sentence and solitary confinement. Your whims and desires will play second fiddle to those of your captors. Your own thoughts will no longer dominate your life. You will become sick and wish for a more temperate atmosphere to recuperate, but the everlasting walls and barred windows will slow your recovery. Your mind will become bland for months (Fog, we call it) and mental decay

will be the result. Your brothers of fate will not, to your mind, be decent and tolerant in respect to your wishes, and your loathing for them will only retard your mind to the point where you can only bring yourself down to their level. You will always consider yourself on a plane above them, yet you will have succeeded in becoming lower than they, for they never were able to rise above themselves — whereas you did, but fell. In other words, you knew better.

But that isn't all. What about your family and loved ones? You may think that you are the one who is suffering, but the searing truth is that they have had to bear and bare your shame while you were able to hide behind walls. What a reflection it casts on them! You know, and I know that they were not to blame but you will have them carrying your burdens and your responsibilities while you become a stagnant mess.

You think that prisoners make good friends? Don't believe it! In most cases, no matter how well you may become acquainted or associated with another inmate, you are vulnerable to his wishes through your friendship. A handshake with the right hand while the left one is deftly inserting the blade is history, and it is practiced to a maximum degree behind walls. Do a favour for a convict some time and watch his reaction. Sooner or later he will be back for more and more, and more. He will become so demanding until you will be forced to refuse, and then you have added another enemy to your ever-growing list.

You still want to be a criminal? Still want to run around with gangsters, prostitutes,

pimps ad fences? Still want big money? Ever see how convicts fight and squabble over a package of tobacco (value 23¢)? Ever see how men behind walls eye you wherever you go — their minds are so cancerous that it will make your flesh creep. Ever have to fight over idiotic, trivial matters? Just wait until you see depraved morons who covet senuous unlicensed material. Their contorted facial expressions and perverted remarks would make you vomit.

How about 'junkers'? Ever seen one that needed a fix? His eyes and nose discharge constantly, and he becomes doubled up with stomach cramps that defy description. His body is wracked with uncontrollable shakes so that he cannot talk properly. Then there's the type that commits a crime, and when caught, go down on their knees and beg for mercy — lacking the intestinal fortitude, yes, the guts, to stand up and take their punishment like men. Wait until you go on a 'score' (the commission of a crime) and make a hasty getaway while one of your accomplices is caught and then fingers (informs on) you. You'll like that!

Think you're a smart gambler? Compute odds fast and accurate? Wait until some financial wizard behind walls beats you for your month's tobacco ration and then wish to hell you'd listened to that Math teacher back in school.

Hold still! I'm not finished yet. There's much more to be said against being a criminal. What security have you for your old age? Think you can steal a lot of money and salt it away for a long time? Wait until either the police have recovered it or a criminal friend whom you thought you could trust has absconded with it — enjoying the illicit fruits of your labours while you rot away in a cell. Not only that — he may even take your girl along with him for the laughs — not to mention wearing your clothes.

Think the police are stupid? So do the men behind bars. That's why they're here. Want to be a hero in the eyes of the criminal world? You can't! Each criminal thinks he's the tops!

Think I'm sounding off, do you? Well I am! I've seen them come and go and come back again. Those who return are the so-called big shots. They never stole anything of great value, nor do they have the guts to commit a 'big score' — not that it takes guts. Any man behind a 'Smokepole' (gun) or prowling an empty house can feel big. He's king over all he surveys, until the police step in. Think I'm sticking up for the police? I'm not! Though I may not approve of their tactics in general, I've come to respect their effectiveness and what they stand for. Think I side with the prison administration? Mistaken again — unless you say that behaving oneself to the best of one's ability is siding with them. Not only that, they can prove to you very quickly who's boss. I've seen the futile efforts of disgruntled men who attempted to stir up trouble quickly, squelched. You may get away with trouble-making at the start, but you'll be the one to suffer in the long run.

Like to read newspapers that are one and two days old? Or a magazine that has had pictures cut out by the previous reader? Or some idiot sticking pins into his earphones, causing a short circuit on your radio?

This, young man, is crime and criminals. I haven't covered one half of what is wrong with them, but this is what every man released from a prison has to live down or try to escape from. This is your inevitable fate if you think that you'll be able to beat the law. It's no Ralph Edwards show. "This Is Your Life," but it's your preordained fate if you persist. Still think you can make a profitable, enjoyable life in crime? If so, well sucker, I'll be seeing you.



The United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Offenders called for prisons without locks or bars for as many prisoners as possible.

The sixty nation congress in a nine point recommendation, urged that the largest possible number of prisoners should be sent to "open" institutions.

It defined an open institution as characterized "by the absence of material or physical precautions against escape (such as walls, locks, bars, armed or other special security guards) and by a system based on self-discipline and the inmates sense of responsibility toward the group in which he lives."

Individual suitability should govern selection for admission to such institution, as well as the likelihood that social readjustment would be better by the system, the congress said.

From The Reflector.

Quoth The Raven

THE population of a penitentiary is composed of two parts — those who will return after serving their sentences, and those who have been so thoroughly shocked and frightened by the experience of being locked away from all they hold dear and cherish that never again will they expose themselves to further incarceration.

Another breakdown must be made in the first group, and we shall number these categories One and Two. In number One is the out and out thief, the man who has made stealing a profession. This man, no matter what is done for him, will continue to steal. Teach him a trade, remove any disfigurement that could contribute to his waywardness, allow him to take any course that would straighten out his personality weakness, and on expiration of his sentence give him one thousand dollars gate money to tide him over until his own efforts will keep him and — lo and behold! — what happens? You guessed it — he trips up again, and adds to the figures on recidivism from which the average person on the street gets his ideas that every man serving time is a potential returnee. This is not so! But the men in group number One must not be overlooked nor played down — they do exist.

In group number Two is the man who never had a chance to learn a trade or a profession and turned to thievery as a means to an end. It could have been he needed money to buy a car, or a down payment on a house. This was going to be his one foray into crime and then he would settle down and never do wrong again. He was caught and imprisoned. This type could never be a professional thief and if he were sent to the proper type of institution and given a chance to learn a trade he would never be a problem to law enforcement agencies again. Now, what about this type of wrongdoer? He is classified as a criminal and after he does his term he is called an ex-convict, a label he will carry for the balance of his life. This type of offender, after his first conviction and release, should be able, like The Raven, to say "...nevermore." Many men in this category have made good, but how about the fellow who cannot take rebuffs? Say, for instance, this type of man meets, on his first attempt to gain employment, an applica-

tion form with the question "have you a criminal record?" If he answers truthfully he fails to get the desired job.

For the sake of argument, we shall endow our subject with a plentitude of intestinal fortitude — he continues in his search for legal employment. After a few turndowns he manages to obtain a job in the trade he learned in the penitentiary. Now he meets a further obstacle: the union will not grant him a union card no matter how proficient he has become. It matters not whether he can pass any type of test given, written, oral or practical, he is barred until he serves an apprenticeship. Here are two stumbling blocks which, if they could be removed, would be of great value to the restoration of offenders.

We have oftentimes wondered who benefits by permitting knowledge to be bruited about regarding a man's past convictions. Is it not sufficient that if he runs into further trouble with the law that his past is trotted out eagerly by a zealous Crown Attorney and used as a weapon to re-convict him? Or does a vengeful cross-section of our country wish to continue using the phrase 'ex-convict' as a means to close off certain types of employment and actually force the man who has served a prison sentence to become a second-class citizen? Here we must face up to one big reality — a former convict has many types of employment closed to him. So by closing off the means of earning a living to a man, a man who has already served a prison term, what can be the expected result? You are right — return to crime.

How much more simple it would be for everyone concerned if some form of legislation could be passed to give every man who has served his sentence a clean bill of health, say after he had been on the street and employed for a two-year period. This is not asking too much for before a man can be sentenced as an habitual criminal his employment record is checked, or rather lack of employment. This request for a clean sheet after having been employed for a two-year period is merely asking for something in our favour, the reverse of which is used by the law of the land. By this we mean if you cannot prove gainful and

legal employment after your third indictable offence for a period of six months, you can be stored away from society indefinitely.

In giving a man a clean slate after two years of straight living and steady employment, the Justice Department would be giving the offender a real incentive. This, in our minds, would do more to decrease recidivism than any other means so far used or contemplated. We pause to wonder just what percentage of our

population would give anything they have or are likely to have for a clear record? We are certain it would be well over eighty percent.

Many men presently serving time have the defeated attitude of "oh well, what's the use—I have a record and there is nothing I can do about it." But if the laws of our country could be changed so as to give an ex-offender a real incentive, the man who wants a clean record would have something to aim for.

GIVE EVERYONE A LITTLE

by William Huddlestone

TODAY, Canadian prisons are housing more people than at any time in history, and regardless of how many are released, it seems there are always more waiting to take their places.

Many people of late have begun to wonder about this situation, but their questions on the matter seem to have remained unanswered. A brief flurry of hope was raised when the Fauteux Committee was set up, and this enthusiasm continued until such time as its findings were submitted. Shortly afterward it was announced by a Minister that a delay of possibly two years would be inevitable to permit study of this report. The bud of hope, insofar as men in penal institutions are concerned, withered on the vine.

I can see no reason for the delay, aside from the fact that Federal elections are in the offing, and it may seem poor politics to be dealing with anything so unpopular as prisons and prisoners when time may be so much more profitably devoted to wooing the public with such niceties as promises of tax cuts, cultural advancement and the other chimerical folderol that provide the background for electioneering. Strangely enough, corrections or advancement in present penological methods could result in tremendous tax savings, but the arguments to sell the idea are more oneous than hand-shaking, back-slapping and head-patting.

I do not think it is nice to see our prisons filled as they are now, but this glut condition

has helped many men gain freedom, something that normally would not happen were these 'storage lockers' constructed of elastic sides. It also results in hope of pre-expiration release on the part of many men who would normally have no chance of parole. I admit the hope is small, but it at least exists.

If a man enters prison today with no, or very few, previous convictions, his chance of being released on parole are admittedly good. Conversely, a man entering with many convictions stands no chance at all. Even if this man is completely reformed during his present incarceration he is still given no consideration. Here again is proof of how backward Canada is in regard to penal reform.

Present official thinking is that an oft-time repeater is incapable of changing. It is impossible for those in authority to visualize something happening in a man's make-up that could send him forth a good citizen. For this reason I do not favour parole in Canada. Parole is, and probably will remain, something possible for the first, or at best, the second timer, and something withheld from all other prisoners.

If, as and when the recommendations of the Fauteux Committee are implemented, a sincere effort can be shown by the granting of third time in conjunction with parole. In this way, all prisoners will get a break, and the man whose prison record is 'clean' will be able to get the same time off for his efforts that is today only permissible in 'street time' to first-time offenders.

The automobile has been responsible for a reduction in Canadian crime, it has stopped horse stealing.

"It's smart to pick your friends, but not to pieces."

About The Canadian Legion

By Ian Beresford

District G. Commander

Canadian Legion B.E.S.L.

THE Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League. What is it? What does it do and what are its plans for the future?

Briefly it is an organized group of ex-service men and women who have survived the ordeals of war and who believe they can be of assistance, not only to the disabled and the dependents of those who died as a result of service to their country, but also to any veteran or his dependents who require a helping hand. While they have worked unceasingly on behalf of the veteran and his dependents for the past thirty years, their primary interest is the welfare and the future of their country. They believe that nothing can be of advantage to the veteran as a group that is not to the benefit of our country as a whole.

Remembrance is important to the Legion. It was instrumental in establishing November the 11th as Remembrance Day so that across this broad land of ours in every city, town and hamlet the nation pauses in homage to our valiant dead. Memory alone is an idle and futile thing stirring the emotions but dissipating itself in empty gestures. The Legion has tried to guard against this by harnessing memory to service. The service takes varying forms.

Through the medium of our Poppy Fund we seek to serve the individual in terms of food and clothing and the other common necessities of life when the need arises.

To provide scholarships and bursaries for the higher education of the children of veterans. To maintain a service bureau, where any veteran whether a member of the Legion or not may obtain assistance, free of charge, in establishing claims under the War Veterans Allowance or Pension Acts, or in dealing with any of the individual problems confronting veterans or their dependents.

The Legion has and continues to make representations to Parliament on behalf of the veteran. The Veteran's Charter as it is presently constituted stands as a monument to the foresight and vision of those veterans of World War I who by their own experiences were able to anticipate the needs of the veterans returning from World War II.

The Department of Veterans Affairs, whose Minister and staff are charged with the responsibility of pressing the claims and needs of the veteran is a result of representations made by the Legion to the late Prime Minister, William Lyon McKenzie King and his Cabinet.

As a national organization the Legion endeavours to promote national unity, and strives to ensure adequate defence of our country. Through its more than 2200 Branches it takes direct action in a number of ways — scholarships, citizenship programmes, civil defence planning, cadet corps and Boy Scout troop sponsorship, children's programmes, sports activities, poppy campaigns, welcomes to new Canadians, charitable donations and many other examples of community leadership.

In the years immediately ahead we plan to intensify all these activities. We realize that only by united action can we perpetuate our way of life, that only by giving the utmost in service can we ensure that this Canada of ours will be turned over to our sons and daughters with its great traditions unsullied and its prospects for future greatness undiminished.

To everyone who has served, to everyone who at some time has offered his life in his country's service we offer you an opportunity to join with us in fulfilling this programme. Contact the nearest Branch of the Canadian Legion and you will find a warm welcome awaits you and an opportunity to volunteer your services in many worthwhile causes. In the words of that greatly beloved padre of World War I, the late Canon Scott:

"All ye were brothers there, be brothers here."

** ** ** **

Helping an offender to become a law-abiding citizen is as much a citizen's job as it is an institutional one. By joining state and local citizen participating groups that work with prison programs and prisoners, we can gain more accurate information of what our prisons are doing, and can cooperate more intelligently with crime prevention and correction.

From The Spectator

The Benefit Of The Doubt

by Bill Jones

EVERYONE has seen the three little squatting monkeys, one with his hands over his eyes, the second with his hands over his ears, and the third with his hands over his mouth. This trio represents the old Chinese proverb 'See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.' So much for the ancient.

Today, one cannot help observing that many people, particularly those with a penchant for making a speech at the drop of a hat — or less — and getting their names and pictures in print and other media of publicity, would do well to emulate these simian philosophers in toto and not leave the job half finished. Or, for the benefit of him about whom we write, we will be more exact in our suggestion: if you must make a monkey of yourself, give those about whom you hear or speak the benefit of the doubt. We will elaborate.

There is a society organised whose primary and sole function is assistance to prisoners upon and after release. Hypothetically, the intention behind this group is that prisoners be interviewed just prior to release, at which time the maximum information is to be secured from them relative to their situation on business, family and financial matters. Questions are asked by the investigator regarding the prisoner's outlooks and, armed with this knowledge, the society bends every effort to secure employment for the prisoners upon discharge and generally smooth the transition from prison to free society.

We have stated that 'hypothetically' that is the function of this organisation: considering the apathetic, if not antagonistic, viewpoint taken by society of prisoners, and the all-too-frequent defeatist, if not bitter, viewpoint held by prisoners of society, the success of this organisation must of necessity be very rare and painfully slow. However, there is a marked improvement of late which augurs well for the increasing success of this group at an increased tempo, and that is the personnel of the directors.

Presently serving as executive administrators on this Board of Directors, and without remuneration, are many of the foremost business, civic, clerical and educational brains of this country. In addition to donating their

time gratis, money gifts in various ways are contributed by these successful men to help 'forgotten' men while serving time and after they have been released. These citizens are indeed shouldering a worthy cause and filling a noble place in the spirit of a free community.

Unfortunately, a salaried representative of this society has recently been quoted in the press as having uttered words which tarnish the lustre of its pledge, place the prisoner in an unfavourable light, and very definitely prejudice his interest in, if not fitness for, the duties he is paid to discharge. The situation he dealt with and his comments follow.

Under our present law, all sentences up to and including two years less one day are served in Provincial reformatories, and sentences of two years flat and more are served in Federal penitentiaries. For a sentence of two years less one day an inmate serves twenty months and sixteen days, the other three months and fourteen days being remitted to him as 'good time.' For a sentence of two years flat the inmate serves nineteen months and eight days, or roughly five weeks less. Now pause and ask yourself this question: which word sounds worse, harsher and more terrifying — reformatory or penitentiary? To those having served time in either place, and the fear of the unknown having been removed, there may be some hesitation in answering, but from every voice of law-abiding citizens and every voice of first-time offenders we hear an unqualified answer of "penitentiary." We hazard a guess that if the same man had two pictures of himself on the front page of a newspaper and no name shown, one picture captioned 'Escaped from Reformatory' and the other 'Escaped from Penitentiary' the majority of the reading public would see evil and violence in the face of the second picture, so powerful is the suggestion of the word 'penitentiary.' Is it logical, then, that without sound knowledge and a very sound reason, a convicted man would ask to be sent to a penitentiary instead of a reformatory for the matter of five weeks in two years? The answer, of course, is no, but as such happens, we would like to state why we think a man makes such a request.

Continued on page 25

A Little Bull

THE two horsemen approached the group of four black bulls from uphill. The pasture land was at the bottom of a perfect box valley, irrigated by a small, swiftly-running stream. Afficionados of the art of tauromachy claimed the gently sloping pastures and hilly trails of the Degas Rancho developed shoulders and hindquarters on the Degas cattle unequalled anywhere in the world. The Degas cattle were solid blacks and commanded top price and traced their blood line back to Spanish fighting bulls and their pedigrees were as jealously guarded, their breeding as closely watched as that of any noble Spanish family. One of the four bulls was a huge animal, carrying his head proudly and ornamented with a set of ivory-coloured horns of an immense spread. He peered myopically at the approaching mounted men and the breeze was toward him, carrying the scent of men and horses to his nostrils. The other bulls snorted and moved off, away from the mounted couple.

Paquin Degas pointed out the huge bull to his companion and said: "There he is, maestro, big, young, strong and ready to be sold. I have never raised one so magnificent — even his mother had the heart of fighting cattle." His companion watched the bull move off to join the others, then remarked: "Yes, he is big, but when I was in Spain I fought bigger beasts than he will ever be. What name do you call him by?"

"Boleo we have named him, and if you wish I shall point him out to Rosario when he is here on his next buying trip. I should travel to the city myself to see you matched with this mountain of torro."

"You must like to see your cattle die to make such a trip — he is just an ordinary bull and if he met me the result would be the usual: this I can assure you."

The bulls continued to graze and the two men made their way to the ranch house. On arriving at the main house a servant met them with a telegram. Degas read it and turned to the matador. "Rosario will be here in the morning — this means I must bring up the stock I have ready for sale to the main

corral this afternoon. Will you want to help us Pepito?"

"It's a pleasure, even herding bulls is a pastime with me. And forget not to bring this house of a bull you call Boleo — Rosario will be reminded of his mother-in-law by that one."

So with four vaqueros the two set out to bring in stock for the scrutiny of Rosario, the promoter of fiestas, the man who was absolute ruler of the pageant of bulls in Mexico.

All went well until the last small herd of four were to be moved: three were grazing and they were started corral-ward with very little urging. The fourth, the large Boleo, was at the stream, drinking: he finished as his fellows were starting to move. Urged on by the horsemen, Boleo put his nose down to the water and playfully tossed it into the air. He advanced a bit into the stream and ignored the mounted men. Pepito guided his mount over toward the bull and cracked the whip he was carrying and growled: "Huh, torro, vamo, torro." But the beast ignored him, in fact turned his back on man and horse and returned to drinking the cool water.

Two of the others cantered over and succeeded in moving the obdurate animal with their whips: all seemed quite normal and run-of-the-mill. The three mounted men were moving along slowly behind the bull when suddenly he jack-knifed and rushed the centre horse, the horse bearing the matador. The man's reactions were very swift, he started the horse around to move away from the rush: however, the horse was slow to respond and man and horse went down. Pepito was up in a split second and, keeping his eyes on the bull, ran toward his two companions. Immediately he was riding behind the saddle of one of the vaqueros. Help arrived and the bulls were taken the balance of the way to the corral without further incident.

When all the animals were penned, the bull-fighter seated himself on the top rail to look the collection over. Boleo stood away from the others, front hoofs together and head up. Pepito murmured: "Huh torro, huh ijo de diablo." The bull's head turned, he sniffed and from his small brain came a connection — this was twice he had heard and scented this same man creature. The first time men had whipped him and it stung. This, the second time, he was cooped up in a small pen and he didn't like it. Boleo followed the scent to the

fence and before Pepito climbed down he took a playful kick at the bull and as luck would have it, the kick landed on the bull's sensitive nose. Third encounter with this scent — again the bull suffered pain.

Rosario arrived, and amongst the animals he purchased was Boleo. An annoyed bull indeed, he missed the freedom of the pastures, his cool drinking water and the rich pasturage he was accustomed to. All this he connected with the man's odour he had stored away in his memory cabinet.

The jolty trip to the city did nothing to improve this large bull's temper. And upon reaching the city, the small stall allotted to him was not to his liking either. Thus it was we find Boleo on the afternoon of the fight, displaced, disgruntled and disagreeable.

He could hear music and a plentitude of noise and shouting. He heard someone clambering up the outside of the stall and then a piercing pain in his withers. This was the placing of the small barb to which was anchored the Degas colours of red and black. The mozo who placed the barb at one time had aspirations to a career in the ring: he gave Boleo the traditional salute "Huh, torro, huh" — this greeting, again pain — what chain of circumstances. — what a whip to this creature's temper.

Suddenly a door opened and there was white sand and a spacious area, half shaded and half sunlit. Boleo trotted out to reconnoitre — maybe this was the end of all his recent annoyance, perhaps some new pasture. The crowd greeted his appearance with a mighty roar! He trotted along the fence in the shade and just as he entered the sunny section of the ring, a man ran by him, waving something.

The animal mind clicked into gear — men, pain, thirst, hunger. He turned swiftly, but the fleeing shadow of a man had successfully dodged into one of the barricados. A voice he half recognised called out: "Run him this way, Felipe — if you encounter trouble we can distract him from you."

Again a man appeared in front of him and as he rushed, the noise of the crowd caused

him to turn his head toward the stands to his left. Twice more members of Pepito's troupe drew him out into the ring with their capes: now the matador waved them off and stepped forward. Pepito stood poised on his toes with his cape held to one side — the bull stood off, looking around at these strange surroundings. The barb in his shoulder was bothering him and he didn't care for the noise of the crowd.

Suddenly, in front of him he could make out a movement and from this motion came the hated "huh, torro, huh" from Pepito and at the same time the matador tapped the ground with one foot. Away the bull went, and as he passed the cape he caught the hated scent, the odour that seemed to trigger off pain and discomfort. If animals have an oath Boleo said it savagely as he rushed by. He could have sworn the man was there, yet when he reached him there was nothing, just something that flapped as he went through it. He swivelled and came charging back — again the cape passed him safely by the man. And again a return rush, but this time as he was approaching the elusive man creature the breeze caught one corner of the cape and he twisted his head to try and hook his horn into it, but instead of meeting the cloth his horn met solid flesh and bone. Pepito's groan sounded much like "huh" and the bull crashed him to the ground and bored in with both horns. Mozos rushed at him with capes from both sides, and despite their efforts he made no move to leave. When he was lured away, Pepito was a battered pulp. The mozos were shaken and exhausted and the alternate matador, a mere beginner, was trying to find some courage in a bottle of mescal.

The president of the correro saw fit to have the pardon trumpet sounded and 'Boleo the Big' was safely escorted out of the ring by four cows. Never to fight again, he is the prized possession of the Degas rancho. He has sired many future 'torros del correro' and spends his time in the lower pasture by his creek. Occasionally he becomes highly annoyed when men come to view him and their usual remark is: "It is strange the bad tempers all these bulls have, and yet they lead an easy life."

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And so in prison I began my search. Maybe prison with its cold seclusion is the only place a person can begin the search. Prison stopped my whirling world. The outside world went spinning on its dizzy perpetuity but I became a detached objective member—a spectator.

From The Monthly Record.

Vocational Graduation

MONDAY, October 1st, the place — Collin's Bay Penitentiary. The occasion, Graduation Day of the Vocational Training Programmes. A big day for the class of 1956. The institution's auditorium was filled to capacity and practically the whole vocational group of 1957 were present, and to this writer it appeared as though they wanted a preview of what was in store for them.

The Warden, Colonel V.S.J. Richmond opened the ceremony and during the course of his speech he mentioned the effort put forth by vocational trainees. He then stressed very strongly the wonderful results a man could obtain by these efforts, how the trades to be learned here would be a foundation on which to build a new life. He welcomed Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., L.L.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries for Canada and Mr. H.G. Nicholls of Toronto, president of Milne and Nicholls, Contractors, and president of the Apprenticeship Board of Ontario.

At this point Mr. W. Downton, the Chief Vocational Officer of the Penitentiary, introduced Mr. James A. McLaughlin, Assistant Commissioner of Penitentiaries. Mr. McLaughlin's brief oration was very well received and he said how delighted he was to be here for the eighth time at the graduation exercises. He paid tribute to the great accomplishment of an inmate pushing through to the end of the course and winning a diploma. He praised the Chief Vocational Officer and the vocational instructors. The many agencies interested in inmates of a penitentiary were mentioned and praised — the John Howard Society, The National Employment Service, and the National Film Board.

Major-General Gibson was introduced to the gathering and he said how pleased he was to be able to attend the ceremony. The Commissioner also stated that in the Vocational Training field Collin's Bay had set a pattern for other institutions to follow. He went on to say how pleased he was with the attitude of the vocational trainees and of the good results obtained by the graduates of the Bay's vocational classes. The teamwork between instructors and students was mentioned and the increasing appreciation of outside industries of

what we are doing. He extended congratulations to all the graduates and wished success and good luck to the fellows who are starting the programme for this year.

Mr. Downton at this point introduced the guest speaker, Mr. H.C. Nicholls of Toronto.

Mr. Nicholls commenced by extolling the opportunities to be gained by taking advantage of the vocational training offered to the fellows, and said that the plan was extremely beneficial to Canada. Canada's great economical expansion and the crying need for tradesmen in all the allied building trades was gone into very thoroughly and Mr. Nicholls showed himself to be thoroughly familiar with the country's needs. He spoke of his own apprenticeship as a youth and was extremely proud of being a carpenter. His company encourages apprentices and they have a plan whereby any young man who finishes four years of technical school was allowed one year toward his journeyman's ticket. According to Mr. Nicholls, the Federal and Provincial Governments have quite broad programmes for apprenticeships but they fail by a wide margin to fill the needs of construction companies and industry.

Mr. Nicholls concluded his informative and interesting talk with a phrase that, to this writer, was the highlight of the oration. "The graduate will still need training when he leaves the institution — it will not be easy, but to complete the plan you have embarked upon, you must become a tradesman. It is up to you."

Mr. J.A. McLaughlin, Assistant Commissioner of Penitentiaries, made the presentation of diplomas and began with the Brick Mason Course. These presentations were as follows:-

BRICKMASONRY COURSE —

INSTRUCTOR MR. R. DICK

PRESENT:

William Jones, James Yuhas, Miles Simpson, Kenneth Williamson, Rocco Morissetti, Maurice Keyes, Harry Wood, Lucien Latulippe, Sydney Binks and John Gibson.

RELEASED:

Reginald Starks, Ernest Greco and Robert Dickie.

**CONSTRUCTION CARPENTRY CLASS—
INSTRUCTOR MR. D.L. HORNBECK**

PRESENT:

Kenneth Wiles, Raymond Cranston, Gaston Auger and Jeffery Robertson.

RELEASED:

Walter Gill, Neil Dunn, Kenneth Coleman, Joseph Amodeo and Kenneth Hunter.

ELECTRICAL CLASS —

INSTRUCTOR MR. A.J. W. ROBINSON
PRESENT:

Thomas Ruddy, Donald Bint, George Buckler, Frederick Brewer, Nicholas Gabanyicz, Robert J. Watt, George Davidson, Leonard Smart and Lawrence Garrity.

RELEASED: Jean Croteau.

**MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE CLASS —
INSTRUCTOR MR. A.J. BIGNON**

PRESENT:

Gunter Schneid*, Eugene Olsen, James Blanche, William Baiochi, William Kyle, Robert Karn and Everett Spurr.

RELEASED: Joseph Antozak.

*Winner of the American Society of Tool Engineers Award.

**MOTOR VEHICLE REPAIR CLASS —
INSTRUCTOR MR. M.S. DERRICK**

PRESENT:

Ralph Lungrigan, William Waring, Russell Hinds, Victor Kryzewski, Brian Major, Robert Hooker, John MacDonald, James Leatherland and Leonard Robillard.

RELEASED:

Fernand Barbe, Douglas Walker and Sherman Anderson.

**PLUMBING AND HEATING CLASS —
INSTRUCTOR MR. C.L. McQUAIDE**

PRESENT:

George Gray, Ronald Marshall, Gerald McAulley, Jean Renda, Phillip Tessier, John Moran and John Robichaud.

RELEASED:

George Swan, Harold Currie, Eric Pierson, Kenneth Hogg and Arthur Mitchell.

**SHEET METAL WORK CLASS—
INSTRUCTOR MR. G.A. IRVINE**

PRESENT:

Donald Schepers, Daniel Harrold, Clifford Charmon and Anthony DeLuca.

RELEASED:

Douglas Wilson, John P. Sabourin, Raymond Delaney and William Williams.

**SCHOLASTIC DIPLOMAS — ACADEMIC
SCHOOL —**

MR. C.R. HOGEBOOM, Schoolteacher
PRESENT:

John K. Gaye (Honours), George H. Otis (Honours), Thomas J. Cornwall (Honours), Terrence Connery, Thomas Mika, Kenneth Hill, Eric E. McDonald, Wilfred E. Pearson and Leonard J. Robillard.

Among the guests were Rev. Cannon Minto Swan, Rev. Father F. Devine, Mr. Craig Reid of the John Howard Society, Mr. C. Brooks of the National Employment Service, and Mr. J.R. Skillings of the National Film Board.

A student of the vocational course, Maurice Keyes, gave the closing address and thanked the guests and Vocational Staff for attending and for their efforts on behalf of the students.

The programmes covering the graduation caused much comment by reason of the manner in which they were bound. These mimeographed sheets were frontispiced by a hand decorated and printed binder, the work of two of the graduates, George Swan, now released, and Leonard Smart. Each graduate received one with his name beautifully hand-lettered thereon, as did each guest. These folders were indeed works of art and required great skill and patience on the part of the two lads responsible. To George Swan and Leonard Smart the graduates extend their heartiest thanks.

Learn to laugh — a good laugh never hurt anyone! Learn to mind your own business; few men can handle their own well. Learn to tell a story; a well told tale is like a tonic—rejuvenating.

Learn to say kind things; nobody ever resents them.... Learn to avoid telling off-colored stories; they give neither the teller nor the listener any lasting pleasures....

Learn to stop grumbling; if you can't do any good in the world, then keep it to yourself—nobody else wants to hear it.

Learn to keep troubles to yourself—no one wants to take them from you; people have too many of their own.....

Last but not least, **LEARN TO SMILE!** Grouches are short-lived and they're not loved. Be yourself always, and you'll make it hands down.... Booker Anderson

QUALITY QUOTES

from PENITENT PENS

THE BEACON (Dorchester, New Brunswick.)

Reprinted From The Pathfinder, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. It may be asked why an accused man, even so threatened, would plead guilty to an offense he did not commit. The answer is simple: Since the Habitual Criminal Act was passed by parliament, some nine years ago, only one man so convicted has been released from a Canadian penitentiary. These men are locked up and virtually forgotten. Their cases are reviewed only once every three years.

HAWKEYE (Anamosa Men's Reformatory.) Some say that in a year a man cannot possibly learn to rehabilitate. And to those people I say: Could you???? How long does it take to rehabilitate a man is one question no one can answer. Why? Because of the old logic that no two men think alike, nor do they react similarly to stimuli. Some men will never rehabilitate themselves because too much time has caused them bitterness. Using that rare example, does this make the man a hardened criminal? If 50 percent or more were released on parole after 6 months to a year I would wager that 45 percent would make it. Why then, keep a man for 3 or 4 years when the chances are that a man can live and work for himself and family and not be a burden to the taxpayers?

THE PRESIDIO (Iowa State Penitentiary.) At

South Walpole the men can bathe and shave daily. Their clothes are washed and pressed twice weekly. The food, in comparison to the fare of the bastille, is better than the average restaurant, as was evidenced by this afternoon's meal of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, lemon Jello, bread, butter and coffee.

This is probably the only maximum security prison in the country that is operated on a medium security plan. Cell doors are open from 7 a.m. until 9 p.m. thereby allowing men to recreate in the yard or to participate in any of the 15 entertaining programs available for them.

And yet, it is still a prison. Security-wise it is apparently "escape-proof" — at least that seems to be the consensus of opinion from those who were successful in "beating" the bastille on more than one occasion. There was considerable talk about beating the place prior to and immediately following its opening, but whether the "escape-proof" structure dispelled this thought, or whether the inmates themselves are the deterrents will be noted later on.

MONTHLY RECORD (State of Connecticut.)

Give me wide walls to build my house of Life—
The North to be Love, against the winds of fate;
The South of Tolerance, that I may outreach
Hate;

The East of Faith, that rises new each day;
The West of Hope, that dies a glorious way.
The threshold 'neath my feet shall be Humility;
The roof-the sky itself-Infinity.

Give me wide walls to build my house of Life!

Author Unknown

PEN-O-RAMA (St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.)

Washington, May 16, 1952. President Truman signed a bill yesterday authorizing the attorney general to make loans up to \$150.00 to federal prisoners at the time of their release. The loans would be made from prison commissary funds. Previous law gave released prisoners \$30.00 and a railway ticket home.

THE PIONEER (Pontiac, Illinois.) What does the word r-e-c-r-e-a-t-i-o-n mean? A strict marching in orderly rows? A disciplinary gymnastics session that is the rule in most schools? All the functions of man may degenerate into routine. Even recreation. It all depends on what we put into it. Can organized recreation be fun? Can it please the multitude? No! Sociological termination to the contrary. Organized or commercialized recreation can never exist, simply because there can be no such recreation that is organized. That which is organized is best defined as "the systematization of interdependent parts." In the language of organized recreation that means: "we know you don't like to play baseball; but you're going to play it anyway!" Or else it exists in lower school forms: "It is 2:00 children. That means that it's time to skip around the ring." It's really too bad for the poor child who doesn't care to skip around the ring, because this recreation period and it's time to skip, like it or not.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES (Manitoba Penitentiary.)

This month's chatter will consist of matters that I think are of supreme importance to everybody doing time in the institution.

I am wondering if we have not become too DEMOCRATIC in our thinking in the sense that we let a few of our representatives carry the whole load and keep all phases of inmate activity functioning.

There are some indications that the willing few are wilting under this steady pressure.... I would like to know the remedy is for this inertia which seems to have affected the large proportion of the inmate population....

When the sports and recreation programme was in its early stages, there was great enthusiasm and the population participated whole heartedly and with enthusiasm to keep things rolling along nicely... The most important thing we must remember is that we must not back-track... We must not take things for granted, but must go forward with at least one eye always on the future.... If we relax and sit back and depend on the other fellow, our whole programme could very well disintegrate.

TIME TO PICK THE FRUIT

Ray Smith

THE casual reader may wonder at the title of this article in a penal publication, but we have often thought of the similarity existing between a prisoner serving time and a growing crop. We hope you may find interest in our little story.

In order for mankind to exist, nature has bountifully endowed us with many choice foods, and of these, ninety percent come from the soil. For a good crop, certain conditions are necessary: starting with fertile ground we must have good seed, careful cultivation, favourable climate and, most important, timely harvesting. On the face of the earth the majority of the land surface under cultivation is fertile, but even arid desert can be so fertilized that these places too, after careful tending, are yielding milk and honey. Be the ground ever so fertile, naturally or scientifically, and all other conditions ideal, the full efforts can be dissipated if the fruit is left to rot on the vine or branch beyond the proper time for harvesting. Correct?

Let us, therefore, liken ourselves to a garden. Our mind is the ground, our thoughts the seed, our learning the cultivation, our environment the climate and, **MOST IMPORTANT**, our release the harvesting. It seems logical — or let us assume — that having come to prison, our minds were barren, producing nothing of value to ourselves or anyone else. If in prison efforts are made to fertilize our minds by means of vocational and academic training, the ground becomes receptive to the seed. Let us assume that the seed — our thoughts — become more stable, or rational, or pro-social, it naturally follows that the cultivation — or learning — must show results. All the time, of course, the climate — our environment — must be conducive to the maturing of the crop. Eventually the crop — we — are ready for

harvesting: at this point our release date should automatically fall. But does it? Too woefully often this is not the case.

There are, of course, many factors entering into the retention of men in prison beyond the moment it is psychologically sound to put them on the street. Granted a judge or magistrate would have to have more wisdom than Solomon to determine the sentence he should prescribe, but this impossible situation can be ameliorated by the remissions branch of the Department of Justice. Reverting to our crops, strawberries are picked daily and apples yearly, simply because they have matured in those cycles. Is it not logical that humans, too, mature in cycles? By every natural phenomenon all men are different — some lose hair at twenty and some at eighty. Yes, insofar as penology is concerned, parole in the hands of competent, interested administrators is as the scythe and sickle in the hands of the farmer.

Penologically speaking, over the past twenty-odd years the fertilizing, seeding, cultivating and hot-housing of crops has proceeded apace, but the harvesting process is still antiquated — the fruit is left in the fields and orchards to spoil. Again speaking agriculturally, every day is harvest day somewhere on this planet, and every day should be harvest day in every penal institution because every day some prisoner is in full flower for his return to society.

To conclude, one apple left on the branch too long is not only unfit for use itself but contaminates a case of others of first quality that have been picked and packed. The same thing must happen when a man has been rehabilitated in prison and is left long lingering. Internal mental unrest is imparted to others who are in the process of maturing, and all the good work done for all is undone by one. As the apple cannot pick itself, so the prisoner cannot release himself. Let us step up probation, paroles and tickets-of-leave to bring the fruit to market when it is sound, ripe and useful.

THE SPECTATOR (Jackson, Michigan.) This "citizen participation" is a social problem that can only be solved at the community level is growing each year as people come to realize putting young people in prison only serves to make more problems for everyone concerned.

Boys clubs, a member of one who is pictured below, (the picture showed a clean-cut teenager displaying a trophy) can and are doing more to correct crime and delinquency than all the walled in "clubs" from Sing Sing to San Quentin.

SPORTS in the BAY

By — RICK WINDSOR

All the ball is finished for the season in both the minor and major leagues. In the minor league, the Royals were the victors over the potent line up of the Braves. The Royals won the series in three games after a terrific comeback from a seven run deficit in the second game to win fourteen to thirteen. All credit must go to Bill Polley, the manager of the Royals, who left the managerial reins of his first place club to go to the cellar dwelling Royals. From the day Bill took over they were a different club. He made each man on the team hustle for their positions and fired great ball whenever he appeared on the mound for the Royals. Playing fine ball for the losers was Willie Huddleston, who hit a honey of a home run in the final game to put the Braves ahead going into the bottom half of the ninth inning. In the bottom of the ninth it was a single by George Kelly, a single by Art Lowery and a double by Don Gevereau that sent the winning runs across the plate and a championship for a club that was not supposed to have a chance against the club that won all the marbles during the course of the regular season. Three cheers to the Royals for a fine effort and a special word to the way Bill Polley made them fight.

In the major league the expected happened. The powerful line up of the Athletics proved to be too much for the Tigers who were sent reeling in two straight games. The A's managed by yours truly, were the same team that were in front of the rest of the clubs for the entire season. Behind superb pitching in the person of Gerry Ball, the only twenty game winner in the history of the bay, and the fine fielding of the entire squad, the Tigers were held to but three hits in the final game. The final score being nine to three for the Athletics. And I would like to take this opportunity to say goodbye to a fiery competitor in the person of Phil McQuade. Phil will be missed by all when the season rolls around next year and his little buddy E.T. is running around like a lost sheep looking for his pal who has left the place for what we know is a great wonderful world. Good luck Phil. Also a goodbye to young Jimmy Blanche who played for the A's this season. A great little hustler and a fine ball player. Going to be missed in soccer too. Bye Jim.

Now that the baseball season has passed the soccer season is already to go and there has been four teams selected for the coming winter months. The teams chosen are as follows:

ARSENALS

Hale (Mgr), Stiers, Beanland, Sheaver, Portiss, Geauvreau, McLean, Tessier, Dorigo, Schnied, Kolba, Pinch, Byers, Dunn, Kyles, and Jeffries.

BLACKPOOL

Lundrigan (Mgr), Robertson, Priestly, Snider, Smith, Belbin, Major, Bell, Fero, McCarty, Laramée, Belaire, MacDonald, Hannah, Nugent and Fegan.

RANGERS

Menard (Mgr), Chappelle, Cummings, Huddleston, Scott, Meyers, Winnfield, Hiesel, Hickman, Best, Scott, Turner, Otis, Campbell, Spurr, and Corbierre.

UNITED

Harding (Mgr), Morpaw, Cornwall, Hallett, Olson, Bedard, Knight, Rodgers, Antone, Sullivan, Lepine, Motyon, Dawson, Johnston, and Shields.

All managers are from last years players and they have promised to have the soccer teams and games of which we have never before witnessed. Already Ralph the "JOCKEY" Lundrigan is trying to get players that did not submit their names but the commissioner Robert Willsie is having no part of it.

The initial game of the soccer season has just been completed and the Arsenal club managed by Jim Hale beat Lundrigans Blackpool team by the tune of three to one. This was a fine game as well as a clean one and every player on the field gave their all and hustled throughout. For the Arsenal gang it was Don McLean, last years scoring champ, who pined the goal getting when he fed a neat pass to his center, Archie Dorigo, who planted it into the corner of the net. A few minutes later it was Dorigo again all by his lonesome who put the Arsenals ahead two to nothing. Bob Major was the marksman for the Blackpool team when Smith gave him a pass from left outside and Bob made no mistake in putting it in the net. In the dying minutes of the game it was Don Fox who received a pass from Archie Dorigo and booted home the final score of the game. The referee was Joe Lowery and the linesmen were A. Lowery, Houska, Gregoire and DeForest. The star of the game has to go to Archie Dorigo for his fine play during the entire game and for having his fingers in every goal that went into the opposing net.

OCTOBER 8th

On the above date the United met the Rangers in as close a game as we will see all season. The United team were the winners in a squeaker two to one over the Rangers. Big Al Rodgers opened the scoring on a pass from Manager Gary Harding and a few minutes later it was the Podge who sent Joe Sullivan in to score the second goal of the game. It took the old veteran in the person of Joe Hiesel, to score for the Rangers. A surprise to many in the game was the fine playing of Chip Chappelle who was simply great in the center half slot. I pick Chip as the star of this game and as far as this writer is concerned he will in all probabilities make a fine effort to win the most valuable player award in soccer. The referee was the old stand by Al Corrie and his linesmen were Houska, Lowery, Delarosabel and Gregoire.

In the second game it was a repeat performance between Arsenal and Blackpool, with the Blackpool squad winning handily on a neat shutout for Slim O'Brien. Arsenal appear to be very weak on defense and could do with a little help in that department. The scorers in the game were Gerry Bell from Priestly, Laramee, Gerry Bell, and Robert Major. The star of the game goes to Norm Priestly another fine player who is making his debut in the Bay. Real sportsmanship prevailed throughout the entire game and it will be a fine year if every man on the all teams play the game as well as all these players did. The referees were Al Corrie and Jake Isenberg and the linesmen were Houska and Lowery.

OCTOBER 13th

The first game was between Rangers and Blackpool with the Rangers the victors in a two to one contest. Scoring for the Rangers were Best, on a penalty shot and Eddie Turner from Hickman. For the Blackpool team it was Bell who put home the marker for his side. The first penalties came in this game. With Scott of the Rangers going off for tripping and Fero, Snider and Lundrigan twice for Blackpool. The referees for this game were J. Lowery and Jake Isenberg. The linesmen were A. Lowery and DeForest. The star of the game goes to Eddie Turner for his effort in making his debut here at the Bay. He is getting to be known as the "BEAST of the BAY."

In the second game it was the Arsenal after their second straight win when they faced the United team. And win they did. Five to one. Scoring for the Arsenal went like this: Tessier, Dorigo from Tessier, Tessier from Dorigo, McLean from Dorigo and Miles Simpson on a penalty kick. For the United team it was Rodgers from Harding. Windsor and Beanland drew penalties for the Arsenal while Rodgers and Sullivan go the Sin Bin for charging. A new face took charge of this game and it was John Fox who did a fine job of officiating. His assistant was Al Corrie although we couldn't see him half the time.

OCTOBER 14th

On Sunday morning the Ranger team won a four to two game from the United gang. A good clean throughout and it showed how a game of soccer is supposed to be played. Scoring for Rangers was Hiesel from Best, Best from Hiesel, Huddlestone, unassisted, Bob Scott from Hickman. For United it was Hallett from Harding and Antone also by himself. The referees were J. Lowery and J. Isenberg. The linesmen were Houska and Gregoire. The star of the game goes to Best who played sound ball all during the game and never let up once until the whistle ended the game.

On Sunday afternoon a team from the city of Kingston came in to play the All Stars from the Bay and they were surprised to see a bunch of guys play like we did. The final score in the game was seven to six for the visitors but they had to work hard to take home a victory from a bunch of harding working guys. The Big Gun for the prison was little Don McLean who scored four of the goals and assisted on each of the other goals. He played great ball as did almost the entire team. Real strong for the All stars was Cornwall and Cummings on defense, and Morpaw and Chappelle. There are no names available as to the outside team and I am sorry not to be able to give them a write up as they so deserve. Hope we get them in again real soon as the men are looking forward to another great game from both sides. Until next month, so long.

OCTOBER 20th

On Saturday afternoon the United team met the Blackpool squad and Blackpool romped home with a four to one victory. There was a total of seven penalties in the game and the Blackpool team had five of these. Robertson, Lundrigan, Nugent, Snider and Robertson again all went to the sin bin for charging. For the United team it was Harding for charging and Joe Sullivan for tripping. Joe kept the argument alive with the official and was thrown out for the rest of the game for using abusive language to the referee. Scoring for United was the manager, Gary Harding, unassisted after there had been a scramble in front of the net. For Blackpool it was Laramee from Major, Belaire from Bell, Belaire from Bell again and Bell from Belaire. My star for this game has to go to Buddy Belaire. Bud was really digging for the whole game and he set up one goal and scored two others. The officials for the game were Al Corrie, John Fox. The linesmen were Delarosabel and Gregoire. The second game of the day featured the Arsenal and the Rangers with the Arsenal winning by a two to nothing score. This was the first shut out of the year and Miles Simpson, Arsenal goal tender was great in getting his shut out. Penalties in the game went to Dorigo, Beanland and yours truly was sent off twice for tripping. For the Rangers it was Huddlestone and Myers for charging.

Kyle opened the scoring when Archie Dorigo sent him a bullet pass in front of the net and Harry booted in the initial goal of the game. Just before the end of the first half it was Donnie McLean who scored the second and final goal of the game when he swept in from left wing all by himself and planted the ball in the bottom left hand corner of the net. The officials in this game were Al Corrie and Jake Isenberg. The linesmen were Lowery, Delarosabel and Gregoire. My star for the game goes to Miles Simpson the goal tender for the Arsenal team. He played great ball in the nets and when the Arsenal defense weakened he came up with many a save to keep the enemy from scoring.

On Sunday morning Blackpool met the Rangers and the Rangers went all out to win four to nothing. Blackpool was badly disorganized and lacked the finesse they showed in previous games. Robertson, Bell and Fero all went to the penalty box for Blackpool while the Rangers sent Best off for tripping. Scorers in the game were Chip Chappelle from Turner, Hiesel from Best, Chappelle from Hiesel, and Scott from Hiesel. The star of the game goes to Joe Hiesel who led the team to victory. Joe not only set up two goals and scored one but was instrumental in stopping several plays that could have led to scores by the opposing team. The referees in the game were "take two" Johnny Fox and Jake Isenberg. The linesmen were Gregoire and Delarosabel.)

Asked only recently how I figured the teams would do in the National Hockey League for the coming season I am going out on a limb and call the shot as to the way they will end up for the season. There is still no doubt as to the first place team. I believe all my readers will go along with me when I say the Montreal Canadiens will finish on top of the league. For the second place I must go with Detroit who are showing good form as a fairly powerful club. (agreeable Nick M?). The big guns in this line up are Howe, Lindsay, Riebel and Kelly. The goaltender, Hall is flashing great form as all Detroit goalies have in the past. For third place I must go with my Maple Leafs. Howie Meeker and his crew cuts are a real hustling club and with any type of break they could go a lot further than we think. Sloan, Duff and Armstrong are still the best line the Leafs have but Cullen James and Smith are playing sound hockey. For Smith to find himself after a rough season last year it would certainly spark the Leafs to no end. For the fourth and last playoff spot I must go with Boston. Boston, in the hands of Milt Schmidt, are playing nice hockey and if they can avoid some of their questionable penalties and settle down to playing hockey they will surprise the entire league. A surprise to all is the fact that Doug Mohns is really coming into his own after a slow start in the last two seasons. New York is the team I pick to end up in fifth spot. This club has the potential for playoffs bids, but they are a little weak on the attack and a little shaky in the goal tending department. Chicago must stay in the cellar for the simple reason they never helped themselves any more from the season that just passed. They are weak all over and they are even weaker in the goal tending department than any other team in the league.

All I have to do now is wait and see how these selections of mine rate when the final game of the series has been played.

In the fistic world it is good to see Joey Giardello back in shape. This fighter who was on top in the middleweight division for quite some time before he ran into a little trouble with the law, knocked out the number two contender Bobby Boyd with a vicious right uppercut in their recent bout. Giardello is a fine fighter and a real asset to the fight game. Could go all the way if he settles down and does some fighting. (In the ring). In the heavyweight division it was Hurricane Jackson who won a spilt decision over Bob Baker in the latters own back yard in Pittsburgh. Hurricane can possibly meet the winner of the Moore Patterson fight this November if he can win a couple more in good style. Ancient Archie and Patterson should draw well and if the old saying about experience prevails in the coming championship fight Archie should have no trouble with Patterson. Joe Louis had to learn the hard way but he came off the canvas to go on to the title that he held longer than any man in the history if the ring.

Another item of interest in the prison is the fact that Kingston Ontario has a team in the Senior A loop. We heard the first game the other night and it was a thriller that went to extra innings only to have Whitby win five to four. Johnny Kelly gave a good account of the game and it was enjoyed by all. Good luck to the Kingston C.K.L.C's, in their bid for a title this year. Until next month I say if you play in sports, be a sport.

Sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take. He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul; that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back. He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses out.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight. He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others. He learns that buck passing always turns out to be a boomerang, and and that it never pays. He learns that even the janitor is human and that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say "Good morning" even if it is raining. He learns that "getting along" depends about ninety-eight percent on his own behaviour.

From The Insider.



Editor's

Musings

THIS issue for November marks an anniversary for the present editor, it completes the circle, twelve months of editorship of the publication. The period of office has taught the incumbent a great deal about human relationships, a lesson that will remain with him the rest of his life!

We note with interest that Liberace was both bussed and booed in dear old London England, this changes our opinion of Libby, he certainly must have something on the ball to get a rise out of the English. And while we are praising this type of entertainer we have some remarks to pass on from one of the greats of the music world. Louis Armstrong was asked what he thought of Elvis the Pelvis Presley, he answered, "He must be doing all right he can afford three Cadillacs." Yoicks, what price silence!

We send wishes of a speedy recovery to the Rev. Canon Minto Swan. The good Padre has been ill for a few days and the boys are all pulling for his speedy recovery and fast return. The Rev. J. Scanlon will fill-in for Padre Swan until his return.

The Vocational Training school has started a new year and we note that Pappy Morgan is now working in the related training section of Vocational Training. By his tin-smithing ability and now with this new employment he will be very well equipped to re-enter society.

Pork Chop Gibson is back from the hospital and is recovering speedily from the surgery performed on him. We are happy to have you back and trust there will be no after effects.

In the past we have made it a policy to ask our readers for suggestions on what they would like to see appear in The Diamond and a few outside subscribers have taken the trouble to drop us a line and assist us with their thoughts. This we appreciate and take this opportunity to remind our readers that the offer still stands.

We have a pat-on-the-back for one of the barbers, Archie Dorigo rates it for his fine barbering and pleasant attitude. The editor has hopes that eventually this barber can be talked into giving him a crew-cut. Keep up

the good work Arch.

We have enjoyed a very entertaining baseball season and we feel a special vote of thanks is owing to the commissioners and umpires who by their patience and hard work contributed so much to make the year a success. Al Corrie also comes into this vote of thanks for his management of the All Stars. Al knows you don't have to be a winner every time, it's the sport that counts. Nice going Al.

We also owe a debt of gratitude to Father McLarnon for filling in for Father Devine. To Father Gibbons we extend our deepest thanks for his services as Father Devine's assistant during the past year. Father Gibbons is from Regiopolis College in Kingston.

Welcome to Father Quest from the inmates of the Bay and good luck as Father Devine's new assistant. We sincerely hope you enjoy your stay at the Bay.

One of the writers for the K.P. Telescope, Saw-Buck Lou has quite a nice style and we appreciate his work. But his official source of information is certainly a dandy. This source used to sound off the same way to us Lou, sort of a double sided coat. Depends upon where he is who he cuts up. At any rate take a good look at him.

When we have completed this issue we start right away on The Big Christmas Special, it is very hard to realize that the Yule season is upon us, time certainly flies. (At times.)

We watched Walter Czack t'other day, he was operating the motor-roller on the new road that is being built. The boys have made a very professional looking job of the project and we must say Walter has worked very hard.

However, we can not help but wonder if Walter intends to go into the road-building business when he exits from here, we talked to him later and highway scandals were mentioned..... Oh well he is a great roller operator, as long as he keeps off the soft shoulders.

It would be an injustice if we failed to men-

Continued on page 27

KAMPUS KWEERIES



by "The Marshall"

Dear Noodnik:

Why is it not possible to have some crime comics in the Diamond? This is a great way to keep abreast of crime methods and ways and means.

Jesse James

Dear Jesse:

I could have sworn you were no longer on this planet — in the flesh, that is — but as you are at the Bay we can start the crime comics in the Diamond. If you are that myopic gargoyle I think you are, you're the silliest comic to arrive here in many a moon. Are you the Jesse James who killed cock robin? You are for the birds so far as I am concerned, and I am afraid to swallow any of your suggestions in case I get one stork in my throat. There are two fowl puns for you — some yolk, eh birdie?

Jay L. Burred

* * * * *

Dear Marshall:

All night long the radio present Rock 'N Roll music. What does this mean to us and how long will this go on?

Quarry Worker

Dear Stoney:

You are very lucky to be working in the Quarry because it is to you boys that Rock 'N Roll music is dedicated. In the old days the

boys on the stone pile had to listen to "Rock A Bye Baby in the Tree Top" and for twelve hours a day they dare not stop. There was no rhythm to it and the picks got heavy after a few hours. But with "Rock Around The Clock" you "Swing and Sway from Break of Day" then "Oh How I Dream When I Climb Into Bed — I've Got Corns on My Feet and Rocks In My Head." It all helps to pass the time and just think how lucky you were that you did not appear before a really tough magistrate — he might have sentenced you to an Elvis Presley record once a day for two years.

Also Spared

** ** *

Dear Sir:

Daily, through the medium of radio, we hear such dances as Mambo, Sambo and Cha Cha Cha. I have no knowledge of these dances and shall definitely be out of place on my eventual return to what we laughingly call society. We have Dale Carnegie Courses in here and other vocational training, so why not Arthur Murray to help us on our way to restoring ourselves?

Vernon Castle Junior

Dear Balla Reena:

A startling suggestion, and I have just as startling news for you. It has come to me via the grapevine, that the new courses in vocational training this year will be a completely new departure from anything ever attempted before in penology. I don't know just how many there will be but I am listing three which will be started right after the New Year.

FIRST — Flat Feet Fixing: A new course for anyone interested in walking on his head to give his feet a rest. This will be conducted by Professor Up Sighdown from Flat Bush, the eminent authority on Pigeon Toes, Bow Legs, Knock Knees and Hair Lips.

SECOND—Hair Growing: A new course and a new formula devised by Professor Iva Baldhead. His graduate trainees will be presented with an illuminated diploma, showing his name and the world-famous slogan: "If I don't grow hair I'll shrink your head so that the hair you have will cover it."

THIRD — Making Scratching Socially Acceptable: A new course and a new formula, a radical discovery and a boon to socially prominent people. This new method of massage, discovered by Doctor Hivesall Over, permits thought control to move an itch from any part of the anatomy to the nose, cheek or forehead, saving embarrassment to guest speakers, society hostesses and politicians. Particularly

advantageous to after dinner speakers who stand up after a sixteen course dinner. Ladies' girdle manufacturers are sponsoring this invention in a big way. As the famous European beauty, Kate La Tomato said: "Ven P'ave de eetch all ovair, I don't veeGLE, joost scratch schnozz."

** **

Dear Kweer:

I am doing two years because I kept two school teachers out after hours and their landlady said I was a public nuisance. The last time I took them home I told her I was a pupil and she asked me what year. When I told her 1896 she slammed the door in my face, caught my nose in the letter slot, and the copper charged me with attempted breaking. Do you think I should appeal? The school teachers will testify on my behalf.

Framed

Dear Framed:

Seems your teacher friends have a lot of class and principle — no pun intended. By the time you get your appeal heard and witnesses lined up, you will be too old to be interested in women, so I'd just settle down and do your deuce. I think, personally, that you are too old to be dating two young school teachers, but as Plato said: "Optimae res non sunt facilimae." A literal translation is "the best things

are not the easiest" but applied to you it would be "The coy old puss, dating two kittens — how did the old hep cat do it?"

Envious Editor

** **

Dear Kamper:

Will they give me half a day to do my Xmas shopping? I'd like to 'pick up' a couple of knick-knacks.

Young Booster

Dear Shop Lifter:

Sorry I can hold out no hope for you this year. Believe Santa will be dropping in on Christmas Eve, so hang your sock up — to leeward. If he leaves you any expensive gift, don't centre him—it may be hot.

Disillusioned Paperhanger

** **

Dear Kweertest One:

Could time be worse than spent in jail?
I got five years but missed the kale.

Unlucky Finsky

Dear Fiver:

*Think not of years behind these bars
Or cocktail dens and stream-lined cars:
The years pass quickly you will find,
Just look ahead and not behind.*

Benny Wordless Longjohn



THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT

Continued from page 13

As we said earlier, the fear of the unknown — imprisonment — is removed once a man has served time in any institution. Under the set-up of reformatories, vocational training and allied learning is not available, such as exists in certain Federal penitentiaries. If a man has been released from a reformatory and again runs afoul of the law, we can appreciate that he may ask the judge to increase his term by one day to enable him to be sent to a penitentiary to learn a trade. We personally know of one man here who did such and the circumstances surrounding his case — which may be verified — are such that he traded some months of freedom! There are probably several here who did the same thing, and it is inconceivable that any request made by convicted men to come to penitentiaries is made for the re-

latively unimportant five weeks difference in time served. At least give these men the benefit of the doubt.

It is this situation that the representative of this society discussed in his speech. He, who is charged with the responsibility of presenting prisoners to society in the very best possible light, very blandly asserted that they ask to be sent to a penitentiary instead of a reformatory because of the smaller amount of time served! We are sure that this statement was uttered thoughtlessly, but nonetheless damage can be done and we hope those who direct the activities of this group do not harbour the same callous thought. As we have already stated regarding this enterprise, if success is rare and slow, ruin can be quick and easy.

Never Ride With Strangers

by Keith Munro

WHILE mulling in the corridor of the County Jail, my name was called along with the names of two other accused men. We approached the gate and were told to prepare for a trip to the police station. Shortly afterwards, the 'Black Maria' was transporting us to our destination. I was at a loss for a reason as to the trip, but I was happy over the prospect of spending a few hours away from the hum-drum existence that plagued the County Can.

The usual method in transporting men is to handcuff them in twos, but on this occasion, there were eight occupants and we were all handcuffed together. I looked around at these associates of Satan and was not impressed by the security measures we were being accorded. It never occurred to me that we had something in common — nor that I should spend a few years in residence with them. The air in the van became very close, and the scrounging and smoking of cigarettes only added to the uncomfortable atmosphere that prevailed. The benches that we sat on were very narrow and uncomfortable, and the jostling that came each time we hit a set of tram tracks made me expect to be confined in a wheelchair rather than prison.

There was not the usual chatter that is consistent with such 'Maria' trips — each man was buried in his own thoughts. Lines of concern creased their brows, and the sign of defeated resignation blanketed each face. Sweat-wilted collars curled upwards, and the odd one loosened his tie and opened the collar to allow the air to circulate against his pungent-smelling body. The glassy-eyed stare of a dwarfed creature as he drew on his cigarette while another held a lit match to the end of it added a dramatic note to the occasion. I became concerned and inwardly alarmed. I was already developing that sixth sense that is common to jailed men, and felt that this was no ordinary trip. Something was wrong. I had resigned myself to a lengthy sentence, yet something more catastrophic seemed to permeate the atmosphere of this caged, stinking mass of humanity.

Somebody asked for the time, but no one answered. The strained lament of an over-

worked engine caused the body to vibrate. I thought of a penny electric machine we had back in my home town that catered to tired aching feet of shoppers. The rhythm was almost the same. My buttocks became sore from being jostled on oversized rivets in the metal seat. I made a futile effort to shift, and in doing so, nearly pulled the man on my left to the floor of the van. He gave me a dirty look, but remained silent. The chap sitting across from me had a defective right eye and I couldn't tell whether he was looking at me or at someone else further down on my left.

The clanging of tram bells added to the mystic orchestration that city noises offer and the periodic thumping on the 'Maria's' body by the guard riding the back step made me think of hot water running through a cold radiator. The blaring of horns offered a Spike Jones rendition and I thought to myself; "Why do small cars have horns that blare while the big one just make a peep? It's the same with humans though, I guess."

The cab stopped; red light, I surmised. The silence was shattered by the rat-ta-tat of a compressor gun being used by labourers employed on the new subway construction.

The 'Maria' lurched forward as the light changed, throwing us on top of one another. "You're not in bed now," blurted the dwarfed one to the driver. No one laughed.

I began to get motion sick, or maybe it was the stink of my own body coupled with that of the other perspiring occupants. I wanted to vomit, but was afraid to. Suddenly, I didn't care if I did — right in the guy's face across from me. I didn't care about anything. It was a resigned thought of indifference. Humans, they called us. I'd seen cattle at the abattoirs enjoy more comfort. I became bitter and hoped I would be sick — thinking it might start a fight and break the monotony. But no one seemed to be in a fighting mood.

That kid on the end — must be about seventeen. The young punk! Should have his backside wacked and sent back to school. Look who's talking! I have no more sense than he. That's some credit to me, isn't it? Can't

even get out of the teen-age class. Oh well, no use crying over spilt milk.

Why doesn't this clown next to me wipe his nose? No handkerchief I guess. Oh, Oh! Looks like we're there. Man, it's warm in here. Thank God! They're opening the door.

Not so fast buddy, not so fast! Whatever's in store for us will come soon enough. Damn the idiot!

What's that screen for? What's going to happen? "All right boys, pick your spots. Stand wherever you wish, but no talking. Hey, put out that cigarette!" Now I know, it's a line-up. Hell, I hope nobody makes a mistake and picks me!

Boy, are those lights ever bright! Can't see a thing. Oh, oh, door's opening. "All right lady, walk up and down the line, if you see him, point and let me know."

"That's him! That's him!" Who, me?

"Which one, lady?"

"The little one standing next to the big man with the glasses. He's the one all right. He hit my Sam in the stomach and broke his false teeth. He's the one, I'm sure!"

"Can't be, lady," the cop said, "He was in jail when it happened."

Whew! I'll bet the dwarf is dying a slow death now.

"Now Miss, don't be afraid. Just walk up and down, and if you spot them, let me know by pointing."

Why doesn't she lift her feet. Cripes! Is she stopping in front of me?

"I think this is one, officer."

"Which one?"

"This one."

Is it I she's picking? It can't be! I hope not!

"Are you sure, lady?" the officer asked.

"Well, I think so."

"Okay Ed, mark down number seven."

"Next!"

Hell, how many are there! At this rate, I'm bound to get scooped! My feet are sweating. Feels as though I were standing in a sea of mud. What's the matter with my friends? Can't they even send me in clean clothes, anonymously? Man, I feel itchy all over. How long have I been standing here? About an hour I guess. Lights are hot. Know now how Hollywood stars feel.

"Okay Ed, that's it for the day."

Thank God! I'm beat. O.....hh! That sunlight hurts the eyes. Bracelets again! Darn those photographers! Like to wrap that camera around his neck! Just doing his job, I suppose. Hell of a way to make a living, picturing other peoples' misery.

Ah! The 'Iron Coffin'. Back to the 'County Can.' Wonder what garbage they're serving for dinner. Don't push, you crumb! There's lots of time to spend in that sweat box, and I'm not anxious. Damn! They're not going to let that same idiot drive us back, are they? Phew! Stinks like rotten meat. Be a completed vermin hole if cockroaches were present.

The dwarf spoke: "Who was number seven?" Nobody answered. "Hell, don't you guys keep track?"

"Dummy!" said the crooked-eyed one.

I looked them over carefully. No ambition. Each one wrapped up in his own little world—worrying over abstract things far removed from reality.

Oh! You #*%\$%\$*, What do you think you're driving, an airplane? Get your feet off mine, you slob, think they're a footrest. Don't lean your head on my shoulder, Buster! If you want to sleep, lean back! Guess I'll have a smoke. Where are they? Some dirty #*%\$%\$%! has beat me for them. Aw Nuts! That's what you get for riding with strangers!

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

tion our sports writer, Rick Windsor, throughout the ball season Rick has covered the games extremely well and has always been fair to everyone, with one exception, himself. Rick has played outstanding ball the whole season and the only mention he ever made about himself was when he made errors, these

Continued from page 23

he brought to the readers attention, this to us is the height of fairness. Incidentally, Rick is just as good a barber as he is a ball player, or is it the other way around?

To Kenny Hunter and Phil. Mc. the Diamond wish to say good-bye, good luck, good health. With this we shall say bye,bye.

Poetry in Prison

YOUTHFUL LOVE

The willow pale, continue mournful weeping,
Far from my love my lone vigil keeping,
Here on this alien shore no friendly bloom
Can ever hope to pierce my lonely gloom.

The weary years have slowly gone their way,
And I shall look eternally across the bay,
Where ships that could bridge distance to you,
Leave without me and fade into horizon blue.

But perhaps 'tis just as well to keep
My fond memories of you locked deep,
Within the vaulted past your youth shall stay,
While those around me grow old and gray.
Gunner

TIME SONG

Time, old enemy, you tramp in vain
Upon sodded hills and waves of grass.
They sink beneath your feet and lift again,
Indifferent to the scythe and hourglass.
The lusty earth, the valley's curling clover,
The ridge's muscled back, the greening plain,
The pelt of grass that covers old scars over —
All these grow young beneath the sun and rain.
Go rob the blossom from a baby's skin,
Or drift your snow into an old man's hair,
Wither the fat until their shanks are thin
And cast your net of wrinkles on the fair,
But leave the earth alone and heaven, too,
And lovers' hearts, for these make light of you.

Philip Hamilton

RANDOM THOUGHT, VI

Cry out, cry havoc in the streets,
Cry out, ye doomed to die,
Cast not the blame by feeble voice
And then stand idly by.

Don't sit in a lethargic pall
And faintly criticize,
Concede — in truth it is yourselves
You surely victimize.

Assert your power, common men
And tender your reply
To all aggressive countries
Plotting peril from the sky.

Unit your forces; put the ban
On warlike preparation,
The little man can advocate
The peace of every nation.

William Fritsley

ONE MOMENT PLEASE

I'm not a gal to be kissed in corners,
I keep no plums for little Horners,
My heart is set on a love affair
With gobs of romance — and some to spare.

But,
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
I'll kiss in corners if I must

For,
I'm not too dumb to understand
About birds in bushes and birds in hand.
Philip Hamilton

BLUE BUT TRUE

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars
a cage" —

This silly rhyme's been said and read by men
of every age.

We see it in a story book and watch it on the stage,
We hear it on the radio, in fact it's quite the rage.
But take a tip from one who knows, and ere you
turn this page,

Make up your mind that you won't trade, just
live upon your wage.

Tete Rouge

** ** ** **

The horse and mule live thirty years,
Without the taste of wine or beers.
The cow at twenty cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin.
At ten the very wise old owl
Without a snort throws in the towel.
All animals real early die,
Without the help of ale or rye.
But sinful, ginful, rumsoaked men
Live for three-score years and ten.

Del Byers

Our associate editor never receives wages,
His biggest secret is what his age is,
He claims his age is over twenty,
But his appearance says he's lying plenty.

There is one thing that can be said,
His temper's smooth his hair is red,
This seems a roundabout way to say,
From the youths of the staff,
"Happy Birthday!"

Junior Staffers.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

by RICKY WINDSOR

MY STAR for the month is the well-known personality Frank Sinatra. I'm sorry to say I cannot fill you readers in with all the facts such as birth-place, etc. but I looked high and low and could do no better than to give this man his just dues from our own viewpoint. Already a popular favorite at the Bay, the splendid splinter of radio and screen has no less than four long-play records, plus many of the single variety. Mr. Sinatra was at one time the rage of the teenagers and was known to all as Frankie Boy. It didn't take long for the younger generation to find new interests and in doing so, they left the man in the position where his records were not selling. After struggling for a couple of years as one of the lesser entertainers in the music world, Sinatra started to get back in stride and made a few records that started him on his way to the top. And then it happened — the almost inevitable — Sinatra scored a knockout with the entire music world as a result of his 'Young At Heart' recording. He again reached the highest spot where he was in the driver's seat. Billboard Magazine gave Mr. Sinatra top rating in the year nineteen hundred and fifty four. They also voted him the best male vocalist for the same year. His record 'Young At Heart' was voted the best record of the year. Downbeat Magazine in their yearly poll were to give him this honour. Now that Mr. Sinatra is back on top in the music world and a just position if ever there were a person deserving it, he has put all his spare time into making records. Numbers of years gone by, such as 'Body And Soul', 'Laura', 'The Moon Was Yellow' and many others too numerous to mention are his trademark and demonstrate what a good singer can do with a song. Sinatra fought hard times and he has come back to the music world as well as in the Movies in truly grand style. Never giving up, and knowing he had the ammunition to be on top, Frank Sinatra worked hard to reach his goal — success. Sure, you read in the papers and the magazines where the splinter had an argument with some newspaperman and how he assaulted the same party, but you never get the right version. Here is a man who went from the top to the

bottom and back again, and while he was on the bottom he couldn't make a break for himself. Now, once again on top, he is in demand at all the famous night spots, filling large contracts and fat ones at that. He has risen to where he is in the spotlight again and any newspaperman would like to have him misquote something that would put him in hot water. Frank Sinatra, having been married several times, is in a position where he is going to be asked embarrassing questions. He has been married to some name stars in the world and has not yet found the answer to his dream. The father of a great little daughter in the person of Nancy Sinatra, he has someone in whom he can confide and keep his interests when all others fail. The world, which seems so bright to many of us, must have its dark spots for this man who has known the top and the bottom, all in the course of a year or two. Always an appreciated singer, in my estimation Sinatra is still going strong. It seems as though every record he makes today is an immediate hit. No more for the people to ooh and ahh over, but in this place is the new Sinatra, calm, cool, collected and serious. No more can be said of this great entertainer who has and will continue to bring good music to the people who appreciate it. Hats off to the man who is so deserving of it — Mr. Frank Sinatra.

What has happened to the record requests on Friday night? It has been a long time since we have had a real good evening of entertainment. A lot of records are lying around collecting dust and my thoughts are going astray. Dinah has not been heard in many a day — or night — nor has the popular long-play record of Glen Miller. Just last Tuesday a man approached me in the staff barber shop and asked what he had to do to hear a record. I couldn't give him an answer at all. Oh well. Rough trying to fill in this column — the editor demands more and more: shades of Jesse James. No ad lib either. Well, that wraps it up for this month. Better look around for some more stories or I'll be blowing the job. See you all next month.



Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Please let me know if you have received the dollar I sent you about a couple of months ago for a subscription to the C.B. Diamond to the following name and address:

J. Tual,
Prince George, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Come, come now, do you expect an admission from us! Look what happened the last time we admitted receiving. But seriously, we received your dollar even if you're not receiving the Diamond. That's how we can operate so cheaply. Before this is in print you will have received our last two issues, and we can assure you that you can look forward to an uninterrupted flow of Diamonds of high caratage, and if you keep the dollars coming back, you will be able to compete with the Aga Khan for your weight in Diamonds — by bulk that is.

The Editor

** ** *

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed \$1.50 for subscription to the Diamond for one year, as I find it very interesting and look forward to it each month. It is so nice to know the interest Collin's Bay takes in their inmates, and I hope the boys come out the better for it.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. McCarty,
London, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. McCarthy:

You have proven our theory that the Irish have hearts of gold. If you think the Diamond is worth \$1.50 a year, so do we, and we are arranging a conference with our financial advisors. This may be the answer to our shrunken treasury. It's a case of either firing the gamblers on our staff or upping the subscription rates, however, if Brooklyn wins the series — what am I talking about? — the rest of our subscribers can breathe with relief until the Grey cup game. And if Ottawa wins that, YE GADS! We can assure you Collin's Bay does take an interest in its inmates — especially to make sure they are all accounted for. Many thanks, and we hope you derive many hours of good reading.

The Editor

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The C.B. Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.
Gentlemen:

Kindly send me a subscription for your magazine.

Very truly yours,
Dorothy W. Scheer,
Philadelphia, P.A.

Dear Mrs. Scheer:

Your contribution is greatly appreciated — coming as it does from the "City Of Brotherly Love." With the flow of American currency into our country, we feel that we are bolstering Canada's finances. Who knows, we may have to build our own pipeline for American money to flow into us. In our own small way, we are trying to offset the imbalance of trade with your wonderful country. We hope that the flow of Diamonds from our office to your country offsets the export of the Rand diamonds — ours are cheaper. Merci mille for the buck!

The Staff

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Dear Editor:

My subscription enclosed for one (1) year. Carry on your good work, and now, Good luck — good fortune — God bless each and everyone.

Mrs. N. Horrocks,
Paris, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. Horrocks:

The arrival of your dollar at this institution was the occasion for a pile-up not witnessed since the East-West football game of last year. But fortunately, it has landed safely in

our treasury, and the writer of this reply is operating with one arm only. But in a more serious vein, we thank you sincerely for your continued support and thoughtfulness.

** ** *

Dear Editor:

Congratulations are in order to you and your staff for the fine publication you are putting out. Like many other readers of the Diamond, I find my tears staining its pages as I read what I know to be the innermost thoughts and sorrow of the writers. I read the book from cover to cover and marvel at the courage of all who, through this printed page, endeavour to make known to us on the outside how one can carry on under great difficulty and loneliness (Yes, we read between the lines). Your magazine is already, to my mind, a top publication. I write poetry — and so, I appreciate the poems and poets. In fact, you show excellent taste all through and philosophical soundness which should convey to your readers much which could not otherwise be said. Your wit and humour are to be highly commended under existing circumstances. My prayer for all who are incarcerated is that God will make Himself better known and bless each and everyone of you. A special pat on the back for Rick Windsor's "Angles". How right he is. May he spread the good word effectively. Looking forward with great anticipation to future editions.

Yours sincerely,
H.W. Hanenberg,
Wingham, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. Hanenberg:

We sincerely appreciate your charming and inspiring letter. And we are pleased that you read us from cover to cover. You can have no idea what this means to us — to know that we are being well received. It is readers like you that inspire our efforts. Many thanks for the mention of Rick's "Angles", but we are reluctant to pat him on the back because of the great number of requests from others for the same treatment. What was once a well postured young man is now a bowed and prematurely hump-backed individual from too many pats. Many thanks for your welcome contribution.

** ** *

(this letter is an actuality)

The Diamond Staff,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Your magazine — Phew!

(Miss) Minnie S.
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Miss S:-

Thanks — you too.

The Staff

** ** *

Collin's Bay Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find one dollar (\$1.00) as payment for one years subscription to the C.B. Diamond. I find myself eagerly awaiting the copy of your fine magazine which you send to Mr. Hancox of this office each month. My enthusiasm often grows to a point to which, I'm afraid, I tend to deprive Mr. Hancox of his copy.

Clifford Knapp,
Kingston, Ont.

Dear Mr. Knapp:

Depriving Mr. Hancox of his copy of the Diamond constitutes a felony, and some well-meaning magistrate may misconstrue the meaning of "Diamond," and you will find yourself changing papers in mid-stream — at a greatly reduced income. We prefer to have you at large like Mr. Hancox, or has he recovered from October's poetry page? Many thanks for the dollar. When we get enough of them, we'll increase the Whig-Standard's circulation by a subscription. Best of luck.

The Editor

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The C.B. Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

We acknowledge receipt of your recent communication and regret that our cheque was omitted from our letter to you of Sept. 10th. We enclose the same herewith, namely, \$2.50 to cover a three year subscription to your publication.

Your truly,
Ricketts, Farley & Lowndes
Barristers & Solicitors
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

From receipt of your first letter without the money, to receipt of your second, with money — a period of four days — the anguish through which we lived cannot be recounted in words. Litigation entered our minds — so did temporary starvation — and the advent of your money was truly a relief. We are truly

grateful to be adding such illustrious subscribers to our list, and if history repeats itself, as it has a habit of doing you have opened up a veritable treasure trove of future clients. May we thank you most sincerely for your support and kind wishes, and shall endeavour to justify both.

The Staff

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The Staff,
C.B. Diamond,
Gentlemens:

eet as bin beeg plazure to rid your Diamink. Ho boy, vat publikation! Vat reedink! Vat otters! Vat potes! Vat next? Eet tikles mine fency. Oi Oi Oi. Vat dohlinks yu must be! Jawohl — your givink me hut und kolt floslinks. Tel me, is da Mosholl fur reel? Also ketchink laff frum bondink otticle. Pipple shud be so foolish. I'm gassing Admiril Donuts ees vun of mine lantsmen — da vun mit ole in ed. Vat a tool da Diamonk vood haff



St. Dismas

The Good Thief

“AT THAT TIME: One of those robbers who were hanged blasphemed Him, saying: ‘If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us!’ But the other answering rebuked him, saying: ‘Neither dost thou fear God, seeing thou art under the same condemnation? And we, indeed, justly: for we receive the due reward of our deeds. But this man hath done no evil.’ And he said to Jesus: ‘Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.’ And Jesus said to him: ‘Amen I say to thee: This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise.’”

We have here an excerpt from the Holy Gospel according to St. Luke, which is taken from the mass honouring St. Dismas, the Good Thief. The second Sunday of October has been set aside as a Feast Day of the church dedicated to this most remarkable saint.

From a preamble to the mass, prepared by the American Prison Chaplains' Association we read: “Of all the fascinating people to be met in the catalogue of saints, probably none has so captured the curiosity of men everywhere as Dismas, the Good Thief, an individ-

bin fur Herr Goebbels. Yu shud av spelt it SCHCHCH. I'm losst — mi eenglish iz soo much bitter alredy.

Lilli von Strasse,

Roodlicht, Deutchland.

P.S. who rote, “E weel soon tire of 'er and comm beck to 'ees baybee!”? Soch feelosofy!

Dear Lil:

We were charmed to say the least in receiving your very delightful letter. We are always pleased to hear from abroad. We are attempting to lay a little kulture throughout the pages of our magazine. Your mention of Herr Doktor Goebbels puts the spark to the flame of our memories, oh those happy care-free days in Germany — those misspent days of our happy youth — those buccolic revels — those bacchanalian nights mit Frau Letitia Ginsberg — all this on army rations. Aufweid-ersein gesundheit.

Putsi von Appel



ual who persevered in his profession until the end. For did he not steal the heart of God in those final flickering moments when his soul was teetering on the brink of eternity?

“He was the only man ever officially canonized by Christ Himself. ‘This day’ Jesus whispered to him from the cross through parched and swollen lips, ‘thou shalt be with Me in paradise.’” Dismas is an everlasting symbol of the inexhaustible mercy of God — a stirring proof that it may be late but never too late for a sinner, no matter how vile and obdurate, to run penitently into the always-open arms of God.

“That is why in all of the prisons and reformatories of the United States (and Canada) there is devotion to Saint Dismas. The men behind the bars know that if he had a second chance to make good, they can expect one too. They are convinced that if he found forgiveness, they can anticipate it also. They understand that in God’s illimitable love, there is mercy, pardon, clemency, grace, hope and salvation for the greatest of sinners: that there is ample room in heaven for every offender who, contrite and penitent, cries out with compunction, as did Dismas: ‘Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!’”

F.M. Devine, S.J.

Catholic Chaplain.



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



THE FORUM (Nebraska State Penitentiary)

We have gone over your August issue very thoroughly and we must say the intellectual level of your publication is high, we have one question to ask, and not unkindly. What is the matter with your inmate contributors or is your population so small that you have no choice? We, quite seriously would like to see more from your inmates, after all it is our viewpoint that the Penal Press wants to have and give to the public.

Tony Glesman has a fine way of covering a subject and should be encouraged to handle other subjects, the article on the choral group coverage was complete and well handled also.

Please bear in mind we are not being nastily critical but we feel you can do much better, the Penal Press is too small to be shared.

THE RECOUNT (Colorado State Penitentiary)

We are in receipt of your first issue here and naturally we say where have you been? A gem like The Recount should be known to all the Penal Press. We enjoyed your Editorial 'Arbitrating For The Arbiter' was right down our alley. Trust that by now you have the issue we mailed to you. Your choice piece of philosophy, "The madness of love makes a man's vices appear to him as virtues." This we like. We shall look for big things from you and please keep us on your mailing list.

THE HAWKEYE (Anamosa Man's Reformatory)

Your Editorial "Time To Rehabilitate Our Statutes" was exceptionally good and Don Shindley deserves a real pat on the back. We agree one-hundred percent and remark "We wish we had said that." Bob Jelinek's Prejudice vs Justice tickled our fancy also. All in all you have a nice little publication, keep her coming our way.

THE BORDER SENTINEL (La Tuna Texas)

We liked the article entitled "There Is A Chance" and feel the approach was good and would like to see more along this line from your editor. But to get back to the article, it contained much truth and good common sense, we send an orchid to the staff for the entire September issue.

THE OUTLOOK (Federal Reformatory El Reno Oklahoma)

To Dean Beiswanger, we disagree, your quaint saying "Save your Yankee dollars... the South will never make it." After all The Paahao Press believe the south will make it as do we in Canada, however other than this we enjoyed your summer issue. James J. Metcalfe is very accomplished as is Roger Schingler. Keep her coming we enjoy your efforts.

PEN-O-RAMA (St. Vincent de Paul Pen.)

"Jail On The Installment Plan was good Penal Press and it seems to be the only humane and sensible way to handle the situation. The Hobby Feature was very well presented and should not only enlighten the public as to what your hobbyists are doing but should also increase the sale of the finished articles. The french fellows here really enjoy and look forward to your french editions. Keep her coming.

THE LITTLE NUTMEG (Danbury Connecticut)

Well, well, The Little Nutmeg is now quite a size. Your book size issue was certainly a great change, hope you continue in this type. "The Power Of Non Resistance by Lowell Fillmore showed a lot of thought and was well written. It was very well received here. Keep her coming to us.

MAINLINE CHATTER (Kansas State Pen.)

On your second issue you are to be congratulated and we have had many inquiries as to whether the cell depicted in September issue is standard in your walled estate or not, if so where can we get transfer forms? And your Rooster exclaiming "OUR WINGS ARE SPROUTING" is really the truth. Keep up the good work.

THE SPOKESMAN (State of Georgia)

We have been enjoying your efforts for a long time and to us each issue of yours is an improvement, this to us is real journalism and you are to be complimented. Your Editorial proved to us that you suffer from the same malady as we do up here, but what can you do about it? "The Belles Of Time" by Mary Shattles always gives us a great deal of entertainment. "The Wonderful Art Of Criticism" certainly was solid and contained great thought. We also like to Ramble With Your Editor. We feel you rank with the top Penal mags. Keep her coming.

TRANSITION (New Westminster B.C.)

Where are you people, no see for long time.

THE INSIDER (District of Columbia)

Nice going John C. Shaw, your July Editorial was in our minds absolute tops. And your reprints are always very good matter of fact and may we say 'hello' to Elizabeth W. "Time To Think" by 108-290 was a real admission and more of us should think the way the numbered author does. We like your little mag, keep her coming.



THE CRAFTER'S HANDS

THIS MONTH the Diamond is straying from its usual path to present to its readers shopping suggestions that we feel merit their consideration. With the Christmas season almost upon us, we feel it is high time to give our hobbyists another boost — a pat on the back, or if you choose, a shot in the arm.

The following hobbies are practiced here in the Bay: Painting and sketching, moulding, beadwork, shell work (jewellery etc.) model airplanes and boats, weaving, rug hooking, fly tying and leather craft.

In our meandering through and around the institution we have seen many fine examples of oil paintings, paintings that would do justice to anyone's home.

Sketches, some in pencil, some in crayon, some are charcoal, all expressing their creator's conception of life and form beyond these four walls. Poignant wild life scenes, nostalgic landscapes, all speaking of an enjoyed-freedom in the past.

The moulding covers many topics, small wall plaques, tiny animal statuettes, stately formalized horse heads. Book-ends, cigarette boxes add to the ingenious and creative talents of these Hobby Crafters.

Colourful shell and beadwork covers a large range of subjects. Jewellery, here we have bracelets, ear-rings, neck-laces and assorted costume jewellery in a range of patterns and colour schemes. Patterns and colour schemes seldom seen elsewhere.

Model airplanes and boats, weaving, rug hooking and fly tying are still in their infancy, but the results produced thus far can compete with any machine product we have seen.

The principle Hobby is leather work and here is a subject we could spend hours writing about, various designs are used, a wide range of colours are put into effective and decorative practice.

The range of patterns go from exotic and tropical orchid to our own plain but lovely provincial flowers. Among these are Dogwood, Trillium, Wild rose, Apple blossom and any other flower a client wishes to have executed in leather.

Fraternal emblems and club crests are skilfully worked into wallets, pocket secretaries, key cases, cigarette cases, spectacle cases, brief cases, Bible covers and photo album covers.

The leather used is all genuine leather. The Hobby Crafters buy whole hides. These leathers are: Horse hide, cowhide, alligator, pigskin, snake skin, English Morocco, and the ever popular calf skin. A newer addition to the leather market is unborn calfskin.

Here is real craftsmanship. It is not a money-making proposition. Hobby work is a diversion — merely a means of passing time. The selling of the finished articles is necessary as money must be realized from these articles to keep the hobbyist supplied with materials in whatever medium he works.

Here is a wide range of articles to select from. Personalized if you wish to be exclusive, or chosen from a standard pattern. All are ideal and make exceptional Christmas or birthday gifts. And you can be certain they contain genuine material and are hand made.

So folks, whatever your needs or your taste, drop us a line at Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

* * * * *

Instead of sitting in your quarters and commiserating about the amount of time you have remaining. Instead of counting the hours, days, minutes and seconds, put that time to work for you by study and mature planning. You will find that time can be your ally instead of your enemy.

From the Viewpoint.

The word "rehabilitation" seems to get quite a kicking around lately. Almost any penal publication you pick up invariably builds it theme on rehabilitation; prison psychologists concentrate their efforts on rehabilitation; warden's associations, deputy warden's associations and other groups devote much of their agenda to rehabilitation. Each man here, knowingly or otherwise goes through a rehabilitation process before he leaves.

..From The New Day.

MONTHLY REPRINT

From *THE PRESIDIO*, by Jack Vandermyrn

THE SEARCH

THERE are many people confined in institutions: Many people in different types of institutions. Penal Institutions, Correctional Institutions, Mental Institutions — the list is long. Most of these people will, eventually, be returned to society. According to statistics a very large percentage of these will go back to institutions and do more time. Why? The Psychologists have many different explanations for this type of personality. They sound good in reports and look very impressive; however I don't think you can file or place these types in categories: "Psychopathic Personality — Fails to Profit From Experience — Dominated by Asocial Drives." These and other phrases are applied to the person who fails to adjust to modern society.

Ask any person in an institution what his main desire is and I am sure, in most cases, he will tell you that he wants to return to society and live a "normal life." Now ask him what he thinks normal means. Almost everyone wants to be normal, but very few can tell you what normal is. I looked in the dictionary and came up with the definition: NORMAL; according to, constituting, or not deviating from an established norm, rule or principle; standard, regular, natural.

Now, this is very interesting. This would indicate that all one has to do is conform to society and not violate any of society's rules and regulations. Fine. But is it that simple? I don't think so. I feel that it goes much deeper. Everyone, according to their individual ideas, must make their own decision as to what constitutes normalcy. This is the search.

In order to make a search, a person must have two things: first, an object: second, a desire to locate the object. Everyone, whether in an institution or not, can find an object for a search. The really important thing is personal desire.

In making a psychological search, many doctors and psychologists indicate that the beginning must be at the infantile or even pre-

natal level. Maybe this is true if the individual desires complete psychoanalysis. I don't feel that people with social maladjustments or the so-called "criminal type" need to go this deep. I feel that far too much emphasis is placed on Freudian ideas of infantile development. Certainly I don't feel that people in prison, or anywhere can justify themselves by saying, "If it wasn't for what happened when I was six months old..."

When a person finally decides that he is not happy doing time, and wants to know how to get his mind straightened out to a point where there will be no necessity for doing any more time; he has made the first and probably the most important step.

Lets take a look into the structure of the personality.

A famous psychologist compares the mind to a home. He believes that the kitchen, the part of the home that is most "lived in" is comparable to the conscious. The bed room of the home is the sub-conscious, where thoughts that are not needed in the daily routine of life are kept in a twilight much like sleep. He calls the part of the mind that stores thoughts which are destructive and malignant the attic.

A well adjusted mind has its thoughts neatly stored. The daily level of living is controlled from the kitchen. The bedroom houses thoughts that are called upon when needed. The attic stores thoughts which are called constructive, but can't be discarded.

Sometimes an earthquake will jar the house and cause things stored in the attic to fall out and cause damage to the home. The stronger the quake the more things that are scattered about and cause trouble. An emotional shock will cause things to fall out of the mind and create emotional conflict.

After an earthquake it all depends on the housekeeper's strength and ability to get the house cleaned up and back in good condition. A lazy housekeeper may let things lie around

for a long time and make no effort to get the house cleaned up. So may a personality that is not so strong and well developed allow harmful thoughts from the attic of the mind to cause trouble and misery.

The house can not call on the house-cleaner and ask to be cleaned up. It can't clean itself up. Here is the main difference in the house and the mind. The mind can call its owner and indicate that there is stress. It can instill desire. It can ask and plead to get something done. When the owner of a socially maladjusted mind responds to these signals and decides to heed them, then he is on the right road to progress.

The next step is to decide what normalcy is. This must be done on an individual basis. However, I came across a well-defined definition of a normal personality, and I would like to pass it on for what it is worth.

"A normal person is one that is (1) Free from physical symptoms; (2) Unhampered by mental conflict; (3) Has a satisfactory working capacity; (4) Is able to love someone other than himself." This is a good definition of a normal personality. By breaking the four points down and discussing them we will gain more insight into this personality.

"Free from physical symptoms:" In order to enjoy and get the most benefits from life a person should be free from physical distress at the psychological level. Many diseases are originated by worry and mental distress. These must be understood and eliminated from the mind. The human body is a great organism. If physical symptoms are not "worried up," the body, with a little help from modern medicine, will make out all right and adjust to most physical situations.

"Unhampered by mental conflict:" All psychologists agree that everyone is going to have some mental conflict in their personality. We have to adjust to this. We must be able to recognize mental conflict. It will come in many forms. One of the main causes of conflict is guilt reaction. The mind is very adaptable and can adjust to any situation. However, acts that are committed, then brooded about, cause a lot of emotional trouble. When something is done it is done. Feeling guilty will not change matters. We must figure out why the act was committed and keep from doing it again. Repression is another strong cause of conflict. This does not imply that we should not repress things. The natural urges and drives must be controlled into socially accep-

table channels. One must be able to make intelligent decisions as to what should be expressed and what repressed. The part of the mind which makes this decision is called the super-ego. The super-ego is usually underdeveloped in persons who fail to make social adjustments.

"Having a satisfactory working capacity:" Here is the base, or foundation, of a well-adjusted life. A person who is not capable of earning a living cannot make an adequate social adjustment. There are many different vocations and professions to choose from. The individual must study his own personality and ability and decide what he wants to do. He must also remember that ability to handle a job is not the only factor to good adjustment. Many feel that personal relations with the boss, fellow workers, and even society are just as important as the ability to do the job. Maybe this is not fair. Still that is the case. Many people in prison have the ability to hold down good jobs, but their personal relations are not good and this holds them back.

"Being able to love someone other than himself:" This is very important. Man is, by nature very gregarious. He must have companionship and acceptance. When he is unable to obtain these on an acceptable level, he will seek them on unacceptable levels. His quest for recognition and acceptance will, in many cases, lead him to prison. Some people find this recognition in prison. Their problem is very large. They must realize that they are able to readjust to society and must have the desire to make this readjustment. Self-centeredness is one of the prime causes of not being popular. A self-centered person is not capable of loving anyone other than himself. He is not accepted. The resultant damage to the personality structure is obvious.

By putting all four of these normality factors together, we see what the normal person must be. All through this I have expressed that desire is the main factor. No one can make a person change. It is strictly up to the individual. The administration can lay out programs and show the way. Without cooperation on a personal level they are not going to do much good.

Someday, maybe, man will be able to express desire and sincerity. When this day comes the rehabilitation programs will be workable. I hope this day comes soon: soon enough to help the men now making the search.



CONNING CANADIAN CLIPPINGS



Bill Huddleston

The Star Weekly, Aug. 11, 1956 —
RELIC OF BARBAROUS AGE:

Sir: Thanks for your July 21st editorial, "Is The Death Penalty Necessary?" Morally, hanging is worse than murder in that while murder consists of an individual's descent to savagery, hanging represents the collective savagery of our entire society. The death penalty is a relic from a barbarous age and in time will go the way of the headman's axe, the rack and the whipping post.

* * * * *

The Ottawa Citizen, July, 1956 —
PRISON AS A LAST RESORT:

Although lacking time this session to debate reforms in the treatment of offenders, several MPs could not overlook an opportunity on Monday to put their views on record. Mr. Clarence Gillis criticized the unwillingness of some employers to hire applicants who have served short sentences. Mr. G.W. Montgomery urged greater use of probation. Mr. Harold Winch expressed dissatisfaction with the work of the remissions branch of the Department of Justice. Evidently the MPs are eager to get into the meat of the Fauteux committee's report on corrections policy and the joint parliamentary committee's report on capital and corporal punishment. The plight of young offenders — in the courts, in the prisons and after release—has attracted much

public interest in recent years. Maj-Gen. R.B. Gibson, the penitentiaries commissioner, remarks in his latest report that the growing number of young inmates in federal institutions is "a matter of serious concern." It is due in part to "an increasing tendency to prefer longer sentences in the penitentiary" to shorter ones in other institutions where training facilities may not be so good. More than a fifth of the males admitted to the penitentiary are under 21. With this state of affairs in mind, the Fauteux committee has recommended to the Minister of Justice that no offender under 16 be placed in a prison with adults. To cut down the numbers going to prison, it urges much greater reliance by the courts on the pre-sentence report, the introduction of "probation without conviction" to avoid a "record" when appropriate, and greater use of suspended sentence and probation. It favors more paroles and pardons. This program, together with institutional improvements, is inspired not by sentimentality but by the eminently sensible view that correction should be the primary aim of the courts. Each offender should be dealt with in the way most likely to achieve that aim in his particular case. Prison sentences should be imposed only as a last resort. But the full implementation of this policy requires the augmentation of supervisory staffs outside the walls.

The producing of a penal publication has two counts against it at the very beginning. One, censorship, and the other lethargy on the part of the inmate. One count stems from the other. Censorship of any written words acts as a damper, almost physical in its intensity. We can almost feel the cottony mold of "censored" closing over our eyes and our tongues. A typical reaction to requests for material is: "Oh, they won't let it go through. I can't write what I want, so count me out."

Spring Issue The Eagle

Perhaps it would be a good idea to muffle every telephone, stop every motor, and halt all activity for an hour some day, to give people a chance to ponder for a few minutes on why they are living and what they really want.

The first thing to learn in contact with others is non-interference with their own peculiar ways of being happy, provided those ways do not assume to interfere by violence with ours.

I've frequently been asked whether I believe there's a point beyond which continued imprisonment is without beneficial effect. While we must concede that imprisonment is primarily Society's protection of itself from a person who has committed an offense, we must also realize that the primal objective of the prison itself is to send the prisoner out a better person than he was when he arrived.

—A.E. Matthews, Mountain Echoes



No road, no dust, no noise,
The way is marked by painted buoys,
The wind supplies the fuel for sails,
From gentle breeze to roaring gales.
GUNNER



STOP & LAFF

Three surgeons were boasting about what they could do and what they had done.

"I had a man without a leg," said one surgeon, "and I grafted a leg on him, and do you know, he became the greatest runner in the world."

"Well," said the second, "I had a man without an arm and I grafted an arm on him and he became one of the finest golf players in the world."

"Gentlemen," said the third surgeon, "that's nothing. I grafted a smile on a jackass and he became the greatest politician in the world."

A man went into a store to do some Christmas shopping. It was so crowded question seemed to stump him.

A sheriff was taking a prisoner to jail. A gust of wind came around the corner and blew off the prisoner's hat. The prisoner made a sudden lunge forward to get it.

"No, you don't, wise guy," said the sheriff. "You stand where you are. I'll run and get it."

Inmate: "I can't eat this hash. Call the captain!"

Guard: "It's no use. He can't eat it either."

"John, you're drinking too much," said his girl friend. "If you want to marry me you'll have to choose between the saloon and me. Remember, the saloon hasn't got any brown eyes."

"No," replied John, "and you haven't got any swinging doors."

Finnegan joined a cultural debating society. However, he stayed away from the meetings until he had read several encyclopedias. He wanted to be sure he knew what he was talking about. At last he felt he was ready and attended a quiz meeting at which prizes were to be awarded. Finnegan did beautifully. No question seemed to stump him.

"But now we come to a very difficult question, Mr. Finnegan," said the chairman of the meeting. "When and where were the Pyramids first built?"

"Egypt, Fourth Dynasty," replied Finnegan.

"Right," said the chairman. "But now, Mr. Finnegan, can you tell us who was the foreman on that job?"

Finnegan hesitated for a moment.

"Night or day shift?"

A hillbilly appeared before a judge and pleaded that his marriage be annulled.

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"Her father didn't have a license for his gun."

A tobacco farmer was showing a little old lady around the plantation. "These are tobacco plants in full bloom," he said.

"Isn't that wonderful," she replied. "When will the cigars be ripe?"

A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration

COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....	Warden and Senior Officer
DAVID M. McLEAN.....	Deputy Warden
HERBERT FIELD.....	Chief Keeper
FRED SMITH.....	Principal Keeper
WILLIAM DOWNTON.....	Chief Vocational Officer
EDWARD OGILVIE.....	Chief Trade Instructor
HAYDN MINTON.....	Chief Accountant
HAAKON HAMNES.....	Chief Engineer
FREDERICK HARRIS.....	Warden's Secretary
CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....	Chief Steward
HOWARD PUTNAM	Storekeeper
CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....	Supervisor, School and Library Dept.
FELIX McALLISTER.....	Schoolteacher
HARRY MALBUT	Deputy Warden's Secretary
JAMES DONALDSON.....	Censor
JAMES EDMUNDS	Physical Training Instructor
REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D.....	Protestant Chaplain
REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J.....	Roman Catholic Chaplain

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GUSTAVE L. SAUVANT, B.A.....	Senior Assistant Commissioner
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A. BROWN	Assistant Commissioner

NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune. Anon.

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